The Relief Society Magazine

Volume XXI DECEMBER, 1934 No. 12

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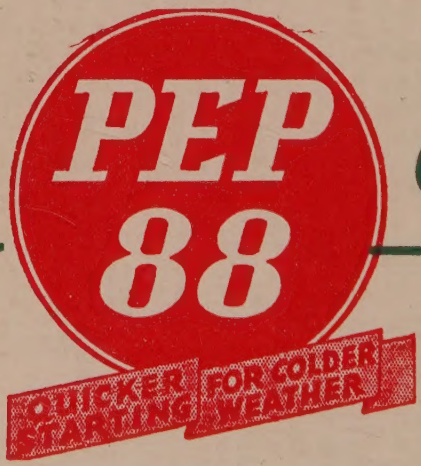

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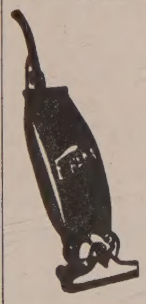

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of
Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

VOL. XXI DECEMBER, 1934 No. 12

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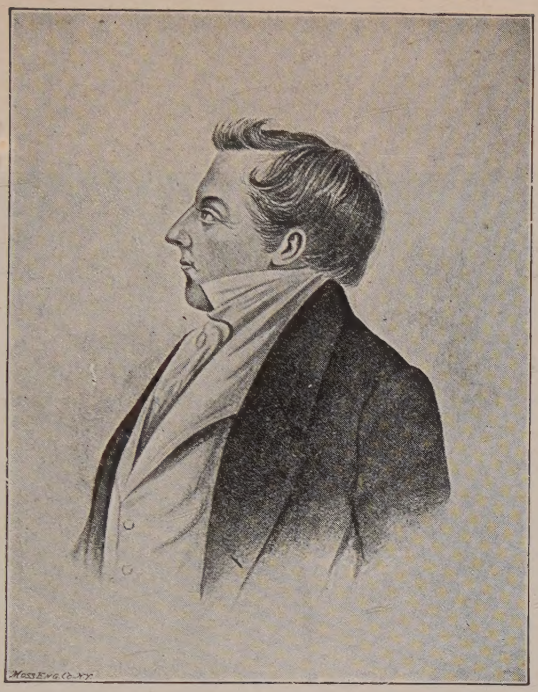


OUR PROPHET

By Bertha M. Rosevear

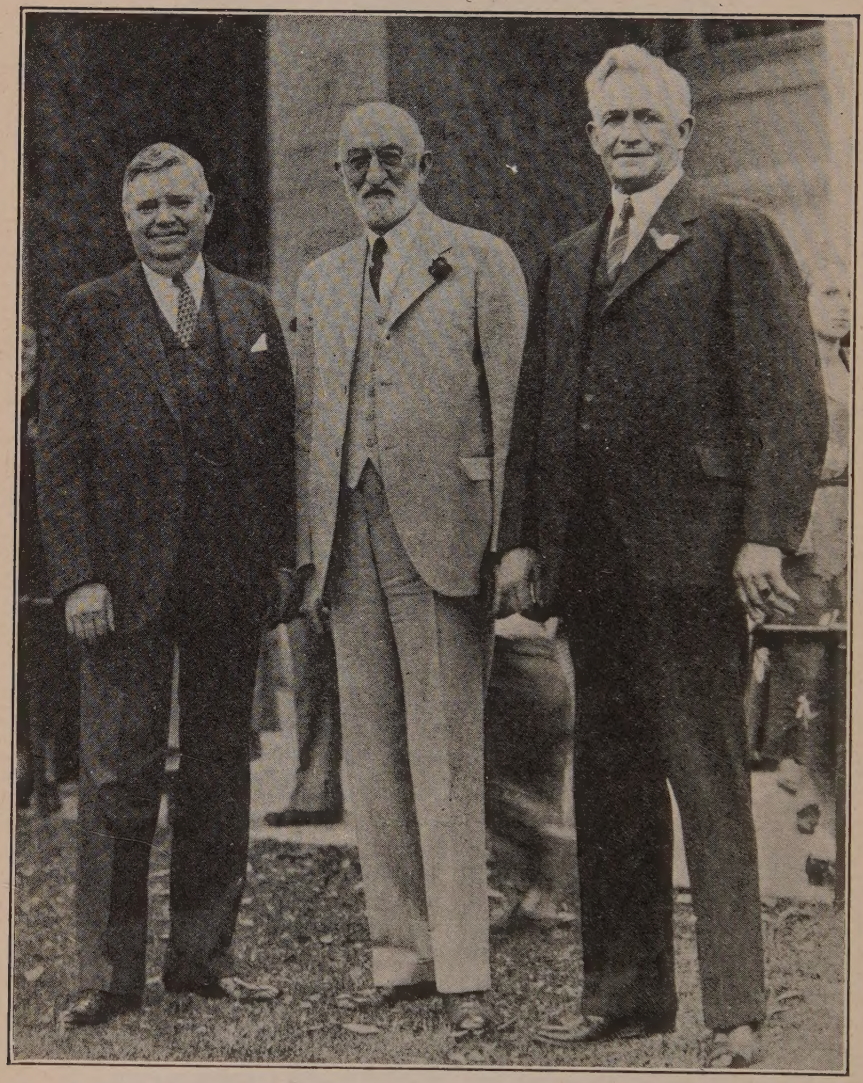
O for inspiration, that I might pen
The matchless life of him, who brought to men
A glorious message, straight from God above,
And sealed his testimony with his blood.

His life was short, 'twas but a few brief days,
But like a mighty comet speeding on its way,
He left a path of light, alive with flame,
And thousands now revere his honored name.

To him God spoke, restoring truth to earth,
Giving another dispensation birth,
And angels brought to him from the realms of light
Keys of knowledge, authority and might.

His dauntless courage, leadership and power
Proclaimed him overtly, man of the hour,
Nor could the fiends of earth and hell combined,
Destroy the monument he left behind.

Great was his mission, nobly was it done.
A Prophet, Seer, of the Holy One.
And every people, kindred, tongue and nation
Shall hear of Joseph Smith's exalted station.



THE FIRST PRESIDENCY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

The Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XXI DECEMBER, 1934 No. 12

The Opportunities of the Class Teacher

(Address delivered at the Relief Society Conference October 3, 1934)

By President David O. McKay

AFTER such a beautiful and complete presentation of plans and methods of teaching, as given in the two addresses to which we have just listened, I think there is left but little for me to say. It is a privilege, however, and a pleasure for me to join with you in this contemplation of the important subject of teaching.

"You never can tell what your thoughts will do
In bringing you hate or love,
For thoughts are things
And their airy wings
Are swifter than carrier doves.
They follow the law of the universe,—
Each thing must create its kind;
And they sweep o'er the track
To bring you back
Whatever went out from your mind."

I have quoted this stanza because I realize I am speaking to a group of women who are teachers of mothers. Many of you are mothers yourselves, and therefore are very frequently discouraged because of the many duties that you have to perform, and in addition to your home responsibilities, and the care of your own children, you have assumed the responsibility of teaching others, and after you have spent hours on preparation of your lesson, and you have done the very best that you can, you not infrequently feel discouraged, thinking that you did not reach your objective, as you tried so earnestly to teach your class. But I repeat, sisters, "You never can tell what your thoughts," your words and your kindly deeds will do in encouraging and inspiring those whom you teach.

I am reminded now of another stanza:

"I shot an arrow into the air
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

"I breathed a song into the air
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of a song?

"Long, long afterwards, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end
I found again in the heart of a friend."
—*Longfellow.*

I AM going to approach my theme today with three observations which I know every mother, every teacher in the Relief Society can take to herself in encouragement. The first of these is a *realization of the responsibility of the teacher;* the second is an *appreciation of the opportunities that you have to reach*

childhood through motherhood; and third, the *possibility each one has of teaching by power and example.*

Do you know that while we have been considering this problem during the last hour that one hundred and eighty babies have been born in the United States—twenty-two and a half babies every seven and a half minutes? According to statistics only one out of these twenty-two and a half little babies will attain to a high degree of intelligence. Seven and a half will have the intelligence of a normal ten-year-old child, that is all through life. One and a half will be potential criminals; the other twelve and a half will range between the highest and the lowest grades of intelligence.

From birth to death men differ. They vary as much as do flowers in a garden. In intellect, in temperament, in energy, and in training some rise to one level and some to another.

The successful teacher is one who, with a spirit of discernment, can detect to a degree at least, the mentality and capability of the members of his class. He should be able to read the facial expressions and be responsive to the mental and spiritual attitudes of those whom he is teaching. The Great Teacher had this power of discernment in perfection as is well illustrated in His conversation with the woman of Samaria whose interests he not only interpreted, but whose soul He read by virtue of her past deeds. Too few teachers have this gift, even to a necessary degree, but every teacher has the responsibility of determining how best to approach the members of the class in order to make appeals that will be lasting. Fortunately our mothers have this gift of discernment naturally, and therefore I am merely calling your attention to this responsibility that is yours to study the members of your class.

TEACHING is the noblest profession in the world. Upon the proper education of youth depend the permanency and purity of home, the safety and perpetuity of the nation. The parent gives the child an opportunity to live; the teacher enables the child to live well. That parent who gives life and teaches his child to live abundantly is the true parent-teacher. However, today the customs and demands of society are such that the responsibility of training the child to live well is largely, and in too many instances, shifted entirely from the parent to the teacher. In the ideal state, the teacher would be but the parent's ally, training the mind and encouraging worthy habits, and fostering noble traits of character inculcated by wise parental teaching and example, but in reality, the teacher, instead of being merely an ally must become the foster parent in training the child in the art of living. If that were all, his responsibility would be great enough; but it is not all. Often he faces even the greater task of overcoming the false teaching and improper training of unwise, irresponsible parents. In the light of such self-evident facts, I think it must be apparent to every thinking mind that the *noblest* of all professions is that of *teaching,* and that upon the effectiveness of that teaching, hangs the destiny of nations. "All who have meditated on the art of governing mankind," says Aristotle, "have been convinced that the fate of empires depends upon the education of youth."

WITH this thought in mind of parental responsibility, and, where neglected, the double duty

thrown upon the teacher, we see clearly the first great opportunity of the Relief Society class teacher. Hers is the privilege of meeting mothers, of inspiring them with the sacredness of motherhood, and of assisting them in the supreme art of training and guiding childhood.

I esteem it a privilege to look into your faces today and project in my mind your influence as you transmit it to those mothers who study in the class of literature, the gospel lessons you present, or listen to your presentation of social service. I go beyond that to those mothers who are silent, and do not come up and say "thank you," and who permit you to go home discouraged. If we could go with them into their respective homes where they meet their children, we should see that they resume their duties of motherhood with just a little more ability to train them because you have taught them even this one thing —the sense of responsibility.

The general objectives in our public schools should be to assist the individual in the proper development of his physical, intellectual and spiritual nature, that he may become of value to his country and of service to his fellow man. This objective can be accomplished only on the basis of true education. And what is true education? "It is awakening a love for truth; giving a just sense of duty; opening the eyes of the soul to the great purpose and end of life. It is not so much giving words, as thoughts; or mere maxims, as living principles. It is not teaching to be honest, because 'honesty is the best policy'; but because it is right. It is teaching the individual to love the good, for the sake of the good; to be virtuous in action because one is so in heart; to love and serve God supremely not from fear, but from delight in His perfect character." No one can successfully controvert the fact that upon the teacher rests much of the responsibility of lifting society to this high ideal.

SOME of you have in your homes a picture depicting Christ as a youth standing before learned men in the Temple. In that picture the artist has combined physical strength, intellectual fire, moral beauty, and spiritual fervor. There is an ideal for every boy in the land! I ask you, fellow-teachers, to take the artist's brush and canvas, and try to reproduce that picture of perfect youth! You hesitate! You say you have neither the skill nor the training? Very well; and yet every person who enters the profession of teaching assumes the responsibility not of attempting to put on canvas an ideal picture of youth, but to make out of a living, breathing soul a perfect character. "If we work upon marble, it will perish; if on brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal minds, and imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of our fellowmen—we engrave on those tablets something that will brighten through all eternity."

The responsibility of the teacher, however, does not end in his duty to teach truth positively. He enters the realm of what-not-to-do, as well as the realm of what-to-do. In the garden of the human soul, as well as in the fields of human endeavor, there are thorns and thistles as well as flowers and useful plants. Thrice deserving of condemnation is he who would crush in a boy's mind a flower of truth, and sow in its stead the seed of error! Hence the importance of the teacher's knowing what she is

teaching, conscientiously believing that it is in harmony with God and truth. I merely throw out the thought because you can go down on your knees in your home, and ask God to give you the power to speak truth.

Wise parents and leading educators in the nation today realize that good citizenship can be attained only through character development. The sincere teacher realizes that hers is the opportunity to inculcate the virtues that contribute to the building of true manhood and womanhood. Hers is the sublime task to lead children and youth to believe that compliance with high moral standards leads to success and happiness. Hers is the opportunity to try, at least, to have each boy and girl accept the standard of the "Children's Morality Code":

"I believe: That self-control is a source of strength, spiritually and physically, which helps me to serve well my fellows, my country, and the world.

"That spiritual and physical health increase my own happiness, protects the health of others, and keeps me fit for work and service.

"That kindness spreads happiness through polite and generous treatment of human beings and humane treatment of all over living things.

"That good sportsmanship gladly recognizes the rights of others and graciously wins or loses in work or play on a basis of simple justice to all.

"That I must learn day by day to rely upon myself even while I reverence the wisdom of others and wish to profit by it. By relying upon myself I can grow resourceful, courageous, independent, thoughtful, and thus help in shaping the destiny of the world.

"That I must do my duty at all costs in order that I may not live a burden on the world by doing less than my share of its work and may not fail to defend by own rights or the rights of others when justly called upon to do so.

"That reliability is the basis of happiness in living together and that I must therefore make myself a reliable person, a trustworthy citizen, honest in thought, and word, and act; one in whom others may safely place their trust.

"That the good workman is careful, energetic and preserving and that the world's progress depends upon his ability and faithfulness. I also understand that by always doing the best I can I become a member of the great Brotherhood of Good Workmen who have provided all the necessities and comforts of life since time began.

"That I am one player in a vast team but that, while only one, I have an influence for local, national and world betterment, which I must use because the hope of democracy lies in the ability of people to live and work in peaceful cooperation.

"That the welfare and happiness of my home, my school, my city depend on my loyalty and, because I live here in the United States, partake of its advantages and believe in its principles of government, I further understand the necessity for placing before my own private welfare the general good of all.

"That obedience to law protects the fundamentals of our government,—freedom, justice, equality,—and that to do my share in preserving these for the generations to come after me I must be intelligently obedient to all lawful orders of my superiors in every walk of life.

"Because I understand all these things, I hereby resolve to make continuous effort so to conduct my-

self in private and public life that I shall be, as fully as in me lies, a strong, helpfu' character, true to my ideals, a credit and help to my family, my nation and our world."

And so we sum all that up in these words, yours is the opportunity to teach mothers, and through these mothers their children, that they owe a responsibility to the home, to the State, to the Church and to God. They are not living for themselves, they are living for others.

To live an upright life, to conform to high ethical standards is the responsibility and duty of every teacher in the land. Greater even than this is the responsibility of the religious teacher. The religious teacher's profession is higher than that of the teacher in the common school; for, in addition to his belief in the efficacy of ethical and moral precepts, the religious teacher assumes the responsibility of leading the youth into the realm of spirituality. His duty comporting with his pretention and profession is to open the eyes of the blind that they may see God. O, it is wonderful to find "Tongues in trees, books in running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." It is a glorious achievement to lead a lonely hungering soul out of the maze of temporal, sensual materiality into the enduring realm of spirituality.

"What is there in man so worthy of honor and reverence as this, that he is capable of contemplating something higher than his own reason, more sublime than the whole universe—that spirit which alone is self-subsistent, from which all truth proceeds, without which there is no truth?"

Leading youth to know God, to have faith in His laws, to have confidence in His Fatherhood, and to find solace and peace in His love—this is the greatest privilege, the most sublime opportunity offered the true educator.

FIFTEEN miles from Vernal, Uintah County, stands a hill over which people walked and rode at intervals for years without seeing anything unusual about it. They noticed two great rocks uniform in size, but to men bent upon pioneer duties they were only rocks. One day a man from the Carnegie Institute walked over the same hill. The nature of the rocks suggested to him that they probably belonged to the Jurassic period of the world's history. He knew that in these strata are sometimes found fossils of huge animals that once roamed over parts of the earth. What were only common rocks to the farmer, the cattleman, and the pioneer were to the trained mind of the scientist, fossilized remains of two vertebrae of a gigantic creature that had been extinct for centuries. In the course of a short time this discoverer had a force of men carefully uncovering these fossilized remains, and the people of the surrounding valley looked on with interest and amazement, as a dinosaur, sixty-five feet long and thirty-five feet high was disclosed to view. Following indications as he perceived them, this educator in the realm of science, by great effort and expense unearthed one of the finest specimens perhaps yet discovered. Others have since been unearthed, one of which is on display in our own University, and others are still lying in their original position in the quarry.

SO men go through this life, catching occasional glimpses of a higher, a spiritual world; but unfortunately, they remain satisfied with but a glimpse, and refuse to

put forth the effort required to uncover the beauties and glories of that spiritual realm. They sense it blindly. Crowded by temporal demands, some there are who lose sight of even the indications. The game of life is fascinating, and when men enter it they enter to win. To win becomes the sole aim of life. The merchant, for example, wishes to succeed, no matter what it costs, though it be honor itself. The politician (not the statesman) enters the political world to satisfy his ambition, regardless of serving the community or his country. Thus, men lose sight of the high things of life; worldly things crush the spiritual light flickering within the soul. Some follow the will-o-wisp of indulgence, of passion, become dupes of an illusion, they soon begin to grovel. Truly as Wordsworth says:

"The world is too much with us;
Late and soon, getting and spending, we
lay waste our powers.
Little we see in nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid
boon."

The most cherished opportunities of the religious teacher should be to lead the child to see, through the trouble and turmoil of a physical world, that "in all His dispensations God is at work for our good. In prosperity He tries our gratitude; in mediocrity, our contentment; in misfortune, our submission; in darkness, our faith; under temptation, our steadfastness; and at all times, our obedience and trust in Him."

TO summarize: The great profession of teacher involves to a greater or less extent the responsibility of parenthood, and that of the highest leadership among men. It means a life endeavor to know the truth, and a constant, sincere desire to lead others to obtain this same knowledge. It means an exemplary life, for virtuous actions are but the result of a virtuous heart. The teacher's duty is also that of a watchman, and from his tower he warns fiery, brilliant youth from the realm of wasteful indulgence, and points to the higher realm of self-mastery and true service.

All this should be every teacher's responsibility, but the religious teacher's is even more—it is his opportunity and privilege to lead his pupils over moral and ethical hills to the glorious heights of spiritual reality—where the spirit of man may receive the illumination and inspiration of God's Holy Spirit, by the light of which every youth may obtain the realization of what Millikan says is the most important thing in the world: "The consciousness of the reality of moral and spiritual values."

I leave my blessing with the teachers of mothers, and pray God to let their influence extend from those mothers to the boys and girls of Zion, that faith may be implanted in their hearts that they may remain true and valiant to the everlasting principles of the Gospel, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Stories About Joseph Smith The Prophet

Is the title of a book just issued from the Press of the Deseret News, Salt Lake City. It is a work of 192 pages, compiled by Edwin F. Parry as a companion volume of his "Joseph Smith's Teachings." Readers will be thrilled with its contents, as it is interesting from beginning to finish. A suitable present for Christmas.

The Deseret Book Co. Price $1.00 postpaid.

President Grant's Counselors

By Mary C. Kimball

THE Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is blessed with an alert, earnest, devoted Presidency. They have a deep love for the people and for the great work to which they are devoting their lives.

President Heber J. Grant shows his greatness in his choice of men to hold responsible positions. He has selected two remarkable and outstanding men to be his Counsellors. Both have shown throughout their lives their devotion to the restored Gospel. They have lived according to its teachings and have championed its cause wherever they have been.

J. REUBEN CLARK, JR., who was chosen April 6, 1933, to be President Grant's Second Counsellor, and who was sustained in October, 1934, to be the First Counsellor, was born in Grantsville, Utah, Tooele County, September 1, 1871. His parents, Joshua R. and Mary Louisa Woolley Clark, were sturdy pioneers of that section. He comes from a long line of pioneers and patriots. His father, J. Reuben Clark, Sr., served in the Civil War and his grandsires fought in the War of 1812, also in the Revolutionary War. J. Reuben, Jr., was a Major in the World War.

President Clark grew to manhood in the country. He aided his father in caring for their stock. At times his duty required him to stay in the saddle all day and all night, going without rest or sleep for 24 hours at a time. Often did he bring loads of wood from the canyon.

In his early manhood he was a prominent worker in the Church. He took an active part in the Sunday School and Mutual Improvement work. In 1925 he was appointed to the General Board of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association.

HE was ever eager to learn. After going through the schools of his native town, he entered the Latter-day Saint College in Salt Lake City. His association here with Dr. James E. Talmage, who was then President of the institution, has been of inestimable value to him. Dr. Talmage encouraged him in his endeavors and gave him a position as clerk of the Deseret Museum. He resigned in 1894 to enter the University of Utah. As Dr. Talmage was then President of the institution, Brother Clark worked in his office and thus earned money to pay his school expenses. Whatever he could save above his actual need he sent to his parents. He thus had the privilege of strengthening the friendship and increasing his technical training under this great man. He was graduated from the University in 1898 with the degree B. S. In 1934 his alma mater conferred on him the honorary degree Doctor of Laws.

ON September 14, 1898, he married Luacine Savage. Sister Clark has been an inspiration and support to him in all his undertakings and has made a beautiful home. She has gone with her husband wherever his interests called him. Three daughters and one son have been born to them.

AFTER graduation Brother Clark was principal of the high school

at Heber for one year, member of the faculty of the Salt Lake Business College for two years and served one year as principal of the southern branch of the State Normal School at Cedar City, then he again returned to the Salt Lake Business College. In 1903 he began work in the law school of Columbia University. Here his long training under Dr. Talmage made itself manifest in his accuracy and his great power of application. Dr. James Brown Scott, one of Columbia's professors, when preparing a case book of quasi contracts, employed Brother Clark to assist him. He graduated in 1906 and Elihu Root, Secretary of State, appointed him assistant solicitor. This position necessitated his studying international law. In the field of diplomacy he came in contact with America's leading statesmen. He went into many old cases and had them settled. In 1910 President Taft appointed him to serve under Secretary Knox as solicitor of the State Department. While in this position, he won the famous Alsop case against Chile. The case was arbitrated before the King of England and the United States Government was awarded $900,000.00. About this same time he prepared a memorandum on the right of the Government to protect its citizens in foreign countries by force of arms. This has become an authoritative statement in the State Department. In March 1903 he was appointed United States Consel before the British American Claims Commission. A memorandum on mutual trade which he prepared attracted the attention of Mr. Morrow and a lasting and delightful friendship was formed, which resulted in placing Mr. Clark in an important diplomatic position.

"In 1917 he became a member of the Judge Advocate General Reserve Corps at the request of General Enoch H. Crowder. Later he was assigned to duty under Attorney-General Thomas Watt Gregory. He remained at this post for a year and was assigned as adjutant to General Crowder, so that he held the rank of Major and was later awarded a distinguished service medal by Congress upon the recommendation of General Crowder.

"He made a careful and exhaustive study of the Versailles Treaty which ended the World War. No other man in the United States had a clearer understanding of this historic document and no one was better able to interpret it in the light of international policies pursued by this government.

"J. Reuben Clark supplied the well-known senator from Pennsylvania, Philander C. Knox, and those supporting Knox's views, with data when the great question of the League of Nations was debated in the Senate of the United States."

AFTER the War he returned to Utah but in 1921 was called to Washington by Secretary of State, Charles Evans Hughes, to serve as a special counsel to the State Department in preparing the agenda for the Conference on the Limitation of Armaments. He served as technical advisor to Secretary Hughes, who later appointed Mr. Clark counsel for the British-American Claims Commission.

In 1926 he was made a member of the United States-Mexico Claims Commission and soon became its general counsel. This familiarized him with the Mexican-American relations and because of this knowledge Mr. Dwight W. Morrow, Ambassador, took Mr. Clark to Mexico as legal advisor. He later served as under-Secretary of State. When Mr. Morrow was elected a United

States Senator, President Hoover selected Mr. Clark to be our Ambassador to Mexico. He held this position with distinguished honor until March 3, 1933, when he resigned.

In acting upon the resignation, President Herbert Hoover sent the retiring Ambassador the following communication:

"I must of course, accept your resignation as Ambassador to Mexico, to be effective at the close of business March 3rd.

"I wish to take this occasion to express to you the appreciation I have for the service you have rendered our country as its Ambassador to Mexico. Never have our relations been lifted to such a high point of confidence and cooperation, and there is no more important service in the whole of foreign relations of the United States than this. A large part of it is due to your efforts, and I realize that it has been done at a great sacrifice to yourself. The American people should be grateful to you for it."

Secretary of State, Henry L. Stimson said, "Your distinguished service as American Ambassador to Mexico has reflected signal credit upon the Department of State."

His contributions to the literature of the Department of State on international questions have been very important. He prepared one volume of 1,500 pages on "Emergency Legislation to December 1917." This stands out as the only publication of its kind and shows President Clark's ability to do a prodigious amount of work in a short time. He defined and clarified the Monroe Doctrine.

Mr. Clark is now President of the Foreign Bond Holders' Protective Council, Incorporated. The appointment to this important position came from President Franklin D. Roosevelt.

PRESIDENT CLARK'S legal and diplomatic training, his physical vigor and ability to work long hours, will be of inestimable value in his new position. He faces the facts. He thinks in an orderly, logical way. He has played his part "in decisions affecting the destiny of the world." His clear vision and well trained mind and the inspiration that will come with his position will enable him to aid in an unusual way in shaping the destinies of this people. The following quotation from his Conference talk will show the spirit in which he undertakes his important labor in the Presidency.

"The world is moaning in tribulation. I do not know the cure. The questions involved are so nearly infinite in their vision that I question whether any human mind can answer them. But it is my faith that if the people shall shun idleness, if they shall cast out from their hearts those twin usurpers, ambition and greed, and then shall re-enthrone brotherly love and return to the old virtues — industry, thrift, honesty, self-reliance, independence of spirit, self-discipline, and mutual goodness —we shall be far on our way to a returned prosperity and worldly happiness. We must again yield fealty to the law that wealth, however great, is a mere shadow compared with the living, enduring riches of mind and heart. * * * The world problem is not primarily one of finance but of unselfishness, industry, courage, confidence, character, heart, temperance, integrity and righteousness. The world has been on a wild debauch materially and spiritually; it must recover the same way the drunkard reprobate recovers — by repentance and right living."

ELDER DAVID O McKAY, who was sustained in October 1934 as Second Counselor, has devoted the energies of his entire manhood to teaching, promulgating and furthering the interests of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. He has traveled extensively in all the Stakes and Missions of the Church. He knows the problems and difficulties confronting the people and this rich experience will enable him to counsel wisely and to extend sympathetic help to the people of the Church.

DAVID O. McKAY was born in Huntsville, Utah, September 8, 1873. His parents, Bishop David McKay and Jeanette Evans McKay, were sturdy pioneers. He was fortunate in being raised in a large family of children, his parents having ten sons and daughters. His early life on a farm gave him vigor of body and a deep love for nature. During his entire life one of his greatest joys has been to return to his farm home, which his parents left as community property for their children. Here they all gather and enjoy each other.

In his boyhood he knew the joy of riding horses, fishing and swimming. He entered wholeheartedly into whatever he did, whether it was play or work. In school he participated in all the student activities, and ball games were a delight to him. In his early youth he was an enthusiastic member of the Sunday School and Primary Association. He early served as secretary of the Sunday School and also of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association. He attended the University of Utah and was graduated as class president in 1897.

HIS home training and his schooling fitted him to make an excellent missionary. He served from March 1898 until August 1899 in Great Britain and presided for some time over the Scottish Conference. While on this Mission Brother James W. McMurrin predicted, "Brother McKay will be in the leading council of the Church."

IN January, 1901, he married Emma Ray Riggs, a charming, sweet, womanly woman. Their home life has been very beautiful. He and his wife have been devoted to each other and to their seven children. President McKay pays this lovely tribute to his mother, sisters and wife. "From my beautiful, ever devoted and watchful mother, from my loyal sisters in our early home associations, and from my beloved wife during the maturer years that followed, I have received my high ideals of womanhood. No man has had inspiration from nobler, more loving women. To them I owe a debt of eternal gratitude."

HE was released from his mission to become an instructor in the Weber Stake Academy. Three years later he became principal of the Academy. He made a noteworthy record and in 1908 became president of the Board of Education of Weber Normal College.

HIS work in the great Sunday School cause has been outstanding. He was Second Assistant Superintendent of Weber Stake Sunday Schools from 1899 to 1908. During this period he was instrumental in introducing features that later were used with profit in all the Sunday Schools of the Church. Under the supervision of Thomas B. Evans, Charles J. Ross and David O. McKay the Sunday Schools of Weber Stake probably made the most rapid progress of any similar group in the Church. For the first time outlines were prepared, preparation meet-

ings were held and the lesson work unified and made progressive. He went from Ward to Ward meeting with the teachers and showing them how to make outlines and instructing them in the art of teaching. Often did his wife bundle up her baby and go with him, so he would not have to make the long trips alone (those were horse and buggy days and it took a long time on dark nights to reach the distant wards.) The weather was never too stormy, the roads too rough for him to keep his appointments.

He has been in the General Superintendency since 1906, serving first as Second Assistant and then as First Assistant and being made General Superintendent of all the Church Sunday Schools on November 27, 1918. During his superintendency for the first time women were made members of the General Board.

HE was ordained an Apostle April 8, 1906, and is now a member of the Church Board of Education, being head of the outline work in the general committee on courses of education for the Priesthood.

NOT only has he served in Church capacities, but has always been deeply interested in civic affairs. For a number of years he was president of the Ogden Betterment League and served for years as an active member of the Red Cross Executive Board of Weber County. He is an honorary member of the Ogden Rotary Club. He was made Chairman of the Utah Council for Child Health and Protection February 19, 1932, at its organization following the White House Conference on Child Welfare. He served as a regent of the University of Utah for three years.

IN recognition of his special service as Church School Commissioner and his leadership in the Church Teacher Training movement, the Brigham Young University conferred upon him the honorary degree of *Master of Arts* on June 2, 1922.

He made a tour around the World in 1921-1922 with Hugh J. Cannon, and they visited officially all the Missions of the Church except those in the United States . They traveled during the thirteen months they were away 62,500 miles. They were five months upon the waters. They crossed the Equator three times and sailed every ocean of the globe. In Samoa there stands today a beautiful monument erected on the spot where this beloved Apostle offered his final prayer for the people. Everywhere he won the honor and love of the Saints and they will ever remember his visit to them.

WHEN he came back he was instrumental in establishing the Mission Home in Salt Lake City. The training the missionaries have received there, though short, has been of great value. He presided over the European Missions from 1922 to 1924.

PRESIDENT McKAY has a charming, radiant personality. Wherever he goes he attracts people to him. He loves people deeply, and they in turn love him. Children bask in his presence. Dynamic and magnetic he draws friends to him as steel to the magnet. He understands the young and they look up to him as leader. The development of faith and the building of character have been his outstanding aims.

ELDER BRYANT S. HINCKLEY pays this beautiful tribute to him. "Another secret of his success is his sweet and unimpeachable character. He lives above the fog and turmoil of daily circumstance. David O. McKay never did a mean or little thing, he is guilty of

no injustice to his fellows, he is free from the indictments of selfishness and trickery. All his days he has lived upon a high moral plateau and has risen to spirtual altitudes which few people reach, inspiring all the while those about him to climb to the same heights.

"David O. McKay has done many good things and said many beautiful things but somehow he is finer than anything he has ever said or done. Back of all his splendid deeds, rising above all his achievements, is the charm of his winsome personality. Dignified and handsome in appearance, congenial and gracious in manner, kind, sincere, genuine and peace loving; but when necessity requires, courageous in action, fearless in defense of right, brave in the hour of battle, gentle and sympathetic in times of trouble, strong for truth, justice, purity and righteousness, he is always and everywhere a gentleman."

Christmas Candles

By Helen M. Livingston

Set out your bright red candles
At Christmas time this year,
Set out red Christmas candles
For warmth and merry cheer.

But somewhere in your household
Place a candle all white
For love and blessed memories
Of that first Christmas night.

Set out red Christmas candles
In your hearts at Christmas time
And tune your lives in gladness
With the merry sleighbells' chime.

But somewhere deep within you
Burn a candle all white
And bow your head in reverence
Before its holy light.

Peace on Earth

(A Christmas Story)

By Marguerite Johnson Griffin

IT was the day before Christmas, and Jim Brock walked slowly with leaden feet out of the employee's entrance belonging to the large firm of Morton Furniture Manufacturers. His head was down. His worn and shapeless hat drooped over eyes which had lost all luster of happiness, over eyes in which lay the strain of despair.

Others rushed gaily past him, brushing his elbows roughly in their eagerness to get away and do a little last minute shopping in some of the department stores before they closed. Others were happily engrossed with their own holiday plans, while he.—There was no joy awaiting him. Only despair, worry, disappointment. Only bitter news to tell his family when he reached their humble door that he was to be laid off indefinitely.

Christmas Eve! He must go home bearing a pay envelope which contained a paltry fifteen dollars, knowing that that must last until he could get another job. And how long would that be? How long must that money be made to buy food, warmth, and shelter for his little brood?

There was Sally who would graduate from high school in June, if only he could keep her going. Sally, gentle, loving, and talented, whose nimble fingers were those of the artist. If he could just provide for her the chance in life that she deserved and was soon to be ready for, art school. He sighed. No job. Where could he get another?

There was Bob, just starting high school. Dear, precious, brave little Bob who had had to do so much for himself. Bob who rose early and studied late in order that he might deliver the morning paper as well as the evening news just so that he might have his books and a few clothes like the other fellows. And all because he, his father, could not make enough to provide everything for him. His shoulders sagged. But he shouldn't worry so much about Bob. Responsibility was good for a boy. It would make a man out of him. Only he wished it did not have to be from necessity.

Then there was little five-year-old Dan who would be wondering why Santa Claus would not bring him the electric train he wanted so much. Poor little Dan! Sally and Bob understand about Santa Claus, but little Dan could not seem to get it through his dear curly head why it is that during hard times Santa Claus cannot bring as fine toys as usual although he loves the boys and girls just as much. A tired sad smile crossed his worried face as he recalled to his mind the picture of his wife sitting with little Dan upon her lap.

"You see, Danny," she had said gently, "Times have been very bad. And you know that Santa Claus spends all his days and most of his nights thinking of how he can make people happy, and because of that he has always neglected his business. Therefore, if men who spend all their time making money have felt the depression, don't you think Santa Claus who has spent more thought on little children than on making money—don't you think he, too,

would have a hard time to provide everybody with as fine toys as he has before?"

"Yes, I guess so," little Danny had said wistfully, still unable to truly grasp what part money has to play in this big world of ours. "But mummy," he went on earnestly, "I wouldn't mind if it wasn't a very big train. Just a little one would be all right. Or it really needn't be electric, either, if that's too much. One of those you wind up would be fun. Do you suppose he could manage that, mummy? I wouldn't ask for nothin' else."

The man's expression of despair deepened into worn furrows upon his tired face. Until this very morning he, too, had been almost sure that Santa could manage the train, but now.—With heavy heart he plodded onward.

It was beginning to snow, the first snow fall, almost an unknown thing in this mild climate. The white flakes were slushy and damp, melting as soon as they touched the pavement. His feet were becoming wet and cold. He had been planning to have his shoes half-soled, though they were hardly worth it. He had almost been beginning to have hopes of a new pair, but now—

To his discouraged ears came the tinkle of cheery Christmas bells. He stopped by a window full of toys. His eyes lighted. His pulses quickened. There it was! An electric train, with bright headlights, speeding rapidly around its winding course. It was not a big one, nor elaborate, but how it would gladden the heart of little Dan. He sighed and shrugged. It was impossible now.

WITH despair bending his tall frame with its heavy weight, he turned from the sight. Music, the blended harmony of a Christmas Carol caused him to stop and lift his eyes. He had always loved music pasionately and he turned to watch the singers. There they stood, four of them, in red hoods and cloaks. He caught their words distinctly.

"Hark the herald angels sing."

How often he had heard that old song. It was almost his favorite among the Carols.

"Glory to the newborn King;

Peace on earth and mercy mild—"

These familiar and once-loved words today scorched his heart with bitterness and antagonistic rebellion.

"Peace on earth!" Bah! There was no peace on earth. These were tumultuous, troublous times. The whole world was topsy-turvy. The whole world was mad. Never before in all history had there been such a condition, and there seemed to be no solution guaranteed to re-establish its equilibrium. Peace! Bah! Where there were wars bespattering and scarring the face of old mother earth? When poverty was clawing with ravenous fingers at her helpless children while a very select few alone enjoyed the luxuries of life? Peace! Why there was no peace anywhere upon the whole globe, because men could not find peace in their own souls.

He was walking doggedly along. He had not stayed to hear a phrase more of the song which had so seared his soul with bitterness. He was approaching his own neighborhood now. There was the meat market where he had promised his wife he would buy something for their dinner tomorrow. The window was filled with lovely turkeys. The sight of them added to his rancour. Turkeys were not for him or his family. But Mr. Morton, the man in whose establishment he had worked, would have one. He would

sit down to a feast made up of all the bounties life had to offer. But not Jim Brock and his family.

Jim knew what it meant to be out of a job in times like these. For the past three years he had had countless situations facing him exactly like this one. And it had resulted in work for a week or two, and then a disheartening search for months only to find something that would last perhaps but a few days. Yes, he knew well. That is why his nerves felt as if they could no longer endure such a strenuous battle for existence.

His harassed eyes were scanning the meat counter for something cheap, very cheap, yet something that his wife's ingenuity could dress up into a passable holiday dinner. He found what he sought for fifty cents. That was all he would allow himself to spend. Then with his parcel under his arm he once more went his way.

His feet were almost numb with the damp and cold. He would be glad to get home by his fire. It was only a block now, for he was passing the little church which was so near their small home. In its yard he noticed there had been erected since morning a big sign, decorated appropriately and effectively, with large letters proclaiming the age-old inscription: "Peace on earth, good will to men."

What a mockery for churches to flaunt such a thought before the eyes of men. There was no peace on earth. There was no good will among men. If there had been, he would not have lost his job at Morton's furniture factory, he who was well-educated and capable. Surely, if there was peace on earth, he would not have been thrust from his job just before Christmas in the midst of winter when times are always the hardest.

He was on his own porch now. He could hear the merry laughter of his children from within, while at intervals his wife's mellow voice mingled with theirs. She had been a sweet brave woman, he thought, while his heart softened somewhat, then hardened bitterly again as he reminded himself of the news he had to tell her. That would put an end to their gay laughter, he thought, as he vigorously stamped his feet upon the tiny porch.

In response Anna opened the door to him, surrounded by their merry bunch, Sally and Bob at right and left with little Dan peaking through first one opening and then another. They grabbed his arms, showered him with kisses, and ushered him into a room festively decorated with red and green streamers and Santa Claus cut-outs. He sat down limply in the chair they offered him.

"Where in the world did you—" he started to say, but was interrupted by a chorus of voices.

"We didn't spend a single cent, Daddy," they exclaimed gleefully, while their well-meant words smote his heart because of his inability to provide them a better living.

"No," Sally went on. "My art teacher gave me a lot of this colored paper. Of course some of it is kind of old, but it doesn't look so bad, do you think?"

"It looks great," the man breathed. "You are all good children. But I've lost my job," he finished, each word brutally distinct.

For a moment there was silence. Then—

"I've still got my paper routes. Two of them," interposed Bob, meaning to be encouraging.

"I want you to save your money for college, son," the man said tersely.

"I have been," the boy returned.

"Practically every cent, so I guess I can give some to the best dad in the world if I want to."

This endearment was touching from a boy usually so man-like and unemotional in all things.

"You are a good lad," said the father deeply moved, "but I don't think it will be that bad.'

"I know it won't," said Anna in her calm, sure way. "It has been like this before, but something has always come along to keep us from ever being reduced to dire want. Don't worry, Jim."

"Things are getting better, too, daddy," reassured Sally. "From what people are saying, I don't think it will be so hard this time."

Little Danny looked into his father's face with a puzzled expression. Money seemed to be of such vital concern to grown-ups.

BUT youth cannot long be repressed, especially on Christmas Eve. So they resumed their occupations and gaiety was once more established, except for Jim Brock, in the back-ground of whose mind lurked that old familiar and harassing worry, and for Anna, who even though she forced laughter to her lips felt keenly for her husband.

"See, dad," said Sally, "I've made a Christmas card for mother."

"It is beautiful," murmured the man, as he beheld there, drawn by the hand of his daughter and colored attractively, a picture of the Savior extending his own arms to a weeping man and woman. What depths of understanding, meekness, comfort, and love she had portrayed on the face of Jesus, and what sorrow upon the countenances of the two who were seeking his blessing. It held the man almost spellbound. To think that his daughter's hand—

He read the inscription beneath it: "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

"It is beautiful," he said. "But whom is it for?"

"Mama asked me to make it to send to Mr. and Mrs. Morton. They lost their little son two or three days ago."

"You shan't do it!" the man declared firmly and bitterly.

"Why, daddy!" the girl breathed in dismay.

"What's all this?" asked the mother coming in from the kitchen.

"She shan't send this card to those people," he explained, harshly. "He fired me. They're rich, while we're in want. They—"

"Did he fire you personally?" asked the woman quietly.

"No, but he's at the head. He owns the concern."

"He probably doesn't even know who you are," his wife went on. "And anyway during this Christmas season there is supposed to prevail good will in our hearts for all mankind and—"

"And on earth peace, I suppose," the man snapped ironically.

"Yes," she returned, puzzled at his outburst.

"Well, there is no peace anywhere. The injustice of our whole scheme of things drives out peace from even our very souls." His bitterness startled her.

"Never mind about that, then," his wife said softly. "Do you remember that day, only six years ago, when we—"

Her words summoned before his memory the face of their five-year-old Alice, stilled by the hand of death, and an expression of pain crossed his worn face.

"I remember," he said gently.

"And do you remember," she persisted, "how we learned that trust in the Savior and a knowledge of

his plan of salvation was the only way to obtain a philosophy that was big enough to enable us to rise above our grief?"

"Yes, I remember," he repeated. "You are right as you always are. You must send the card. But you have no stamps. You told me to get some. I forgot."

"We won't spend money for stamps now. Sally and Bob and I will leave it in their mailbox. I've been in all day. I'll enjoy the walk."

THAT evening they trudged through the rapidly falling snow on past their own humble neighborhood into districts more prosperous and still more prosperous until they reached the Morton's big home, big but empty because a little boy was no longer there to play within its walls. Anna wiped a tear from her eye. Well she knew and understood the aching hearts which were housed within.

"And you can only be comforted," she mused, "for you can never forget."

In the meantime, Jim was left at home to tuck little Dan into his bed. He was left, too, with memories that had softened his bitterness and filled his heart with a keener affection for the little boy who had been left in his charge. He undressed the child and knelt with him while he lisped his little prayer, but tonight he added to it a plea to Santa Claus.

"Please, dear Santa Claus, bring me just a little weeny train, that is, if you possibly can."

Tears of futility streamed unbidden down the man's face. He wiped them away. He could not argue with the child tonight and tell him the usual story about Santa Claus feeling bad when little boys and girls keep asking for things he could not bring. No. Tonight he was too full of sorrow, too full of weariness with the struggle of life.

So he kissed the little boy and tucked him into bed, then quietly left the room. For hours he paced the floor, haunted by the knowledge that there would be no train in the morning.

Until his wife and two other children came home he walked his perturbed way, becoming worn out with exhaustion, so much so that it did not take long for his wife's gentle urgings and soothing words to entice him to bed and lull him off to sleep. One could not be too utterly discouraged around her. She had a way with you.

HE was surprised that he had slept so soundly, but he was not disturbed until Dan's glee over a few ten-cent and home-made toys awakened the household. The man's mind once more bestirred itself to the realization that little Dan was doomed to disappointment. He threw his worn and faded bathrobe about his shoulders and rushed out to comfort the child.

But the little boy was looking between ,in, and around everything stowed away beneath the tree which was decorated with tinsel and balls that sadly betrayed their age.

Then the child stood back and announced calmly: "My train has not come yet."

The mother and father exchanged bewildered looks. Then the man began to explain.

"Well, sonny, I'm afraid—"

"Oh, daddy, you don't need to be. I know Santa is going to bring me one. I prayed about it last night you know, and.—" He searched for words. "Well, you know how when you pray, sometimes you just get the

feeling so strong that you know your prayer will be answered."

Tears were wet in the eyes of all, and for a long time no one spoke to break the magic of that moment. And so that Christmas day was hallowed by the gift of the Divine Spirit which only the faith of a little child can impart. The simple homemade gifts which were exchanged were glorified by a greater family love and appreciation for each other, and perhaps the little sister who was missing from their presence enriched the morning with a tie that was spiritual.

IT was a grateful and joyous family which unitedly partook of their simple Christmas dinner prepared by the capable hands of their mother, but late in the afternoon their gaiety was hushed by the shrill ringing of the door bell.

The father said, "I'll go," and they were all surprised to hear him say a few minutes later, "Why come in, Mr. and Mrs. Morton."

The children clustered wide-eyed in the background while their mother with gentle courtesy and simple hospitality offered them chairs and took their wraps.

"We just wanted to drop in, Mr. and Mrs. Brock," said Mr. Morton, "to thank you for the lovely card we received from you this morning."

"You don't know what it has meant to me," Mrs. Morton said gently, while tears threatened to fill her eyes. "I can't say more."

"You don't need to," answered the mother. "I know exactly how you feel. I've been through it, too."

Mr. Morton went on. "You don't know what it has done to our very house, that exquisite little painting and those holy words. It has brought a warmth that we haven't known since—since—" Words failed him. Then he gained control of himself and said, "Who painted it?"

"Our daughter here," the father answered proudly, bringing forward the girl who blushed timidly.

"She has talent. I would like to do something for her. Have you ever thought of going to art school?"

"Oh, yes," she spoke up eagerly. "But I doubt if I will be able to. Times have been so poor for us and daddy has lost his job."

"Yes, yes. I know about that, too. When your card came I couldn't place you, so I had my secretary look you up. You will come to work in the morning. I need a man like you, for a man with such children as these, with such happiness in their faces when you have so little, is the man I want for a special job I have in mind, which will give more pay and a chance for advancement." He went on hurriedly, ignoring the man's attempted thanks. "And young lady, I am going to send you to art school. Oh, your father will soon be making enough to do that for you himself, but I want the honor."

The girl was speechless with joy. "I can't thank you enough."

"Don't try, for we can't thank you either," he said and abruptly turned to Bob. "Young man—"

The boy blushed with adolecsent embarrassment.

"Young man," repeated Mr. Morton, "I need an energetic boy like you in my office afternoons after school. It will pay more than even two paper routes and you won't have to get up so early in the morning," he finished with an understanding twinkle in his eye.

"Gee, that's swell," Bob breathed.

"And you, my son," he said turning to little Dan. "For you there is an electric train. We have no little boy to play with it now, and we thought you might like it."

"Would I? Didn't I tell you? Didn't I tell you?" cried the child running in excited circles while Mr. Morton went out to his car and brought in and set up the most elaborate train outfit that little Dan had ever seen. And the bereft rich man and woman stayed for several hours enjoying the excitement and pleasure of the little boy who had known his train would come.

Finally when they arose to go, the short day had already darkened, but the thin blanket of snow did its best to brighten the oncoming night. After hearty goodbyes had been said, Anna and Jim stood in the door-way watching their kind new friends get into the luxurious car which stood waiting at the curb. Jim placed his arm around Anna's waist affectionately and she smiled up at him.

"You see, dear," she said, "God is ever mindful of us as he is of all his children. All he asks of us is courage to face life and its problems the best we can, and faith in his wisdom and justice."

"Yes," responded the man. "We must have faith as strong and implicit as that of our little Dan, and courage like his which remained undaunted even though his train was not in the expected place at the expected time, for his faith gave him the assurance that his reward would come, and he was patient. Bless our children," he finished almost under his breath.

Just then as the whir of the Morton's car died away in the distance and as the couple paused before shutting the door, they could hear the lusty and melodious singing in the little near-by church, and the final words came distinctly to their ears:

"Glory to God in the highest. Peace on earth, good-will to men."

Christmas at the Desert's Edge

By Lorene Pearson

IT was the day before Christmas on the dry, dust-bitten farm of Martha and Hiram Hanks. Since early morning a high wind had been sweeping across the hummocks of greasewood that caught the swirling dust about its tenacious roots.

Martha looked out of the window of their drafty tar-paper shack with bitter tears in her eyes. It had been another dry, unproductive year, but drier and more unproductive than the five years just past. The garden patch had dried up so early in the spring that Martha had lost interest and let big tumble-weeds come in and crowd out what few stragglers of vegetables there were left. She looked out now at the desolate patch and knew that nothing could be more bleak and discouraging in December than a field dotted with a few stubborn tumble-weeds that had not yet been torn loose to go tumbling over the country. With this wind she had thought the last of them would have blown off. But no, they hung on like grim death, intent it seemed, on reminding her, this day before Christmas, that her yield this year was weeds and that meant no money at all for anything that she desired.

And all that she desired was a Christmas tree! But their poverty would not even allow that this year. Jed Parsons went every year to the Wasatches, miles away to bring trees in his truck.

An evergreen! What memories it brought of her own childhood in the mountains. And how she wanted little Marian to know and love those mountains she had never seen. It was the one thing that Martha had set her heart on. And now, this year, they couldn't even afford a tree.

"Hiram, I can't stand it!" she burst out. Her utterly defeated spirit that had staved off bitterness all these last miserable dry years, cried out now in an uncontrolled flood of tears.

Hiram stood by her helplessly. "Come, Martha, it isn't as bad as that. Cheer-up. We'll have a good time anyway. And Marian is humming away in the other room like a good fellow. You ought to be as cheerful as she is, don't you think?"

Martha turned on him like a wolf at bay. "You forget that Marian still believes in St. Nick and that she thinks he is going to bring a tree this year like every other year. Why shouldn't she sing."

Hiram was bewildered, hurt. His rugged, wind-burnt face was set in a patient mold and his ever hopeful blue eyes couldn't understand this defeat of Martha's. For him there was always another year, another season that would be better than this last. But women, he concluded, could not see ahead. They lived in the present, they couldn't think in years. Tentatively he asked, "Have you no faith at all, Martha?" He hoped this might allay the revolt within her.

"Faith," she flared back at him, "faith! I've been living on faith all these years and absolutely nothing has ever come our way. I'm through, I tell you. I'll not live on this dry farm another year. I'm going to Salt Lake and make some money so that my child will never again have to go without a Christmas tree."

Hiram was bewildered, upset. "You don't know what you're saying, Martha. You wouldn't leave Greasewood Flat. It's our home," he said, incredulously.

"I intend to leave, Hiram Hanks. Unless, of course," she laughed bitterly, a dry, coarse laugh full of thwarted desires, "unless a miracle happens."

It was as though a knife had been thrust into Hiram's heart, a knife she wielded. She could see it written plainly in his face. She almost retracted her harsh ultimatium, but already he had taken the bucket and had gone out to do the evening milking. It was just as well—she meant it—she couldn't possibly endure another starved year. Oh, of course, in all honesty, she had to admit that there were times when it was fun, and this awful dust-laden wind was forgotten. But nothing, absolutely nothing, could alleviate the fact that this year there would be no Christmas tree.

She had had one every year since she was a baby. To her it typified the joy in the world. No matter if there were no presents. If the family could put up a tree in commemoration of the birth of Christ, in commemoration of all the loveliness he brought into the world—that was sufficient. But not even to be able to renew that faith in beauty—that meant death for Martha.

IN this depth of bitter contemplation five-year-old Marian came running in from the lean-to kitchen, laughing delightedly. "Look mummy!" She held up a tiny basket she had made of a bright magazine cover the teacher had given her. Inside she had placed pretty colored stones she had picked up on the farm. "For daddy," she said, "Won't he be tickled, cause he loves the farm. I'll put it on the tree."

Martha looked down at all this hope and happiness and had the sudden insane impulse to make the child cry, to tell her that there was no St. Nick, that they wouldn't have any tree. But at that instant Hiram came in with the pail of milk from the lean half-starved cows and Marian ran hurriedly to hide her treasure.

MARTHA dragged herself around in a sodden haze to get supper. It was getting dark and the old oil lamp had to be lighted, and new chips put on the fire. As she went mechanically about her work, feeling each blow of the wind as though it beat raw against her heart, she reflected, as women do in bad moments, on all the petty annoying heart-breaking things that had happened to her since she married Hiram Hanks and came to Greasewood Flat.

There was the time she saved her chicken money to buy a spring bonnet and an Easter dress for Marian. The money had to go for seed that the wind blew out of the ground after the fall planting. There had been the time her turkey brood, just over those awful first weeks when they had to be watched day and night, had been eaten by a coyote that broke into the coop the very first night she hadn't got up to tend them. And always, always Hiram's stubborn optimism and gay laugh asked, "Well, does it really matter so very much, after all?" Matter! Martha jammed the lids down on the stove with a wild clatter. She was blinded by tears of anger and defeat.

THEN a word caught her ear from the other room. "It was a miracle," Hiram was saying to Marian. Sometimes God performs his miracles through St. Nick." Involuntarily Martha listened. It was the same old story Hiram told Marian every Christmas eve. The child always asked for it and Hiram always told it. But how ironic to tell it in *this* country where miracles never had happened!

She peeked into the other room. Marian was sitting on Hiram's lap. His face was aglow with the story he was about to tell. His eyes met Marian's in an azure gaze of understanding. She had his optimism —they loved the communion that this story brought. "Tell it daddy," she urged.

"It's the story of a little girl and a poor widow and the good St. Nick," he began. Marian clapped her hands in anticipation. "It was the night before Christmas, just as tonight. In the old country it was the habit among all the children to put one of their wooden shoes out on the sill of the window so that when St. Nick passed by he could drop a little gift into it. The little girl in the poor widow's house took off her shoe and carried it outside. Snow had begun to fall and she knew it would be very, very cold before morning. But she knew old St. Nick always came no matter what kind of a night it was. So she went to sleep peacefully. But the poor widow didn't have any faith in St. Nick and because she was poor and had no money to go buy a present for her little girl, she was sure there would be nothing in the shoe in the morning. So she cried all night. But, imagine her joy, when the little girl jumped out of bed the next morning and ran out-of-doors to get her shoe. What do you suppose she found? A dear little bird that had crept in there away from the storm. God doesn't forget those who have faith. He just sent St. Nick around there to see that the little girl got something."

Marian clapped her hands. "St. Nick really brought it, didn't he?"

"Of course," said Hiram, a happy smile on his red-brown face.

Marian jumped down from her father's lap and asked solemnly, "Daddy, do you think I should put my shoe out on the window sill. I don't want him to miss me, daddy. But a tree wouldn't go in a shoe, would it?"

Hiram laughed a joyous laugh. (Quite as though everything were all planned for a big Christmas, thought Martha bitterly.) Then he looked down at his solemn child. "No, your shoe would be too small, and then there isn't any window sill. Tar-paper shacks just don't have any. But St. Nick knows that and so he'll manage some way. Especially if you're a right good girl and have faith."

"Oh," said Marian solemnly, "He wouldn't forget my tree, I know he wouldn't."

When supper was over and Marian was sleeping peacefully in her little bed, Hiram had the hurt look on his face that Martha had caused with her outburst. At last he said, "I guess I feel like the old widow in the story in spite of my faith."

Martha couldn't help cutting in sardonically, "Well, why did you tell the child that fantastic tale to get her hopes up?"

THE wind blew and buffeted and beat the little tar paper shack on Greasewood Flat. In the darkness and tumult of the storm Martha tossed and felt the hurt of unshed tears in her dry throat. Hiram, she knew was awake, too, but he didn't toss. He lay there as though some great weight held him down. Toward morning the wind quieted and the two of them dropped off into a fitful sleep.

It seemed as though they had just closed their eyes when Marian's shouts and the tug of her little hands woke them up to a sunlit, quiet world. "He's been here, he's been here," she ran to the bed, screaming excitedly. "Out on the porch. Come quick and look. A tree, a tree."

Martha and Hiram, stirred by the enthusiasm in the little voice, got up, and in spite of their unhappy night, felt a thrill of anticipation and curiosity. They went to the door, where already Marian had gone out before them. There, in a corner of the tiny porch two tumble-weeds had rolled, a smaller one on top of a larger one. Marian had already brought out all the last year's trimmings for the tree and had draped it over the prickly, lovely branched weeds. And hanging on the "boughs" were two tiny baskets. One was filled with pretty rocks, "for father who loves the farm," and the other was filled with the cut out pictures of pretty ladies "for mother who loves to sew."

Marian clapped her hands and danced around the little tree but suddenly she stopped and there were tears in her eyes. "He didn't forget me, did he daddy?"

Martha picked up the little girl and hugged her tight. This time the tears that ran down the mother's cheeks were not from a bitter source. They were from that other well in a woman's soul where happiness dwells. In her heart Martha knew that never again would she lose faith in miracles.

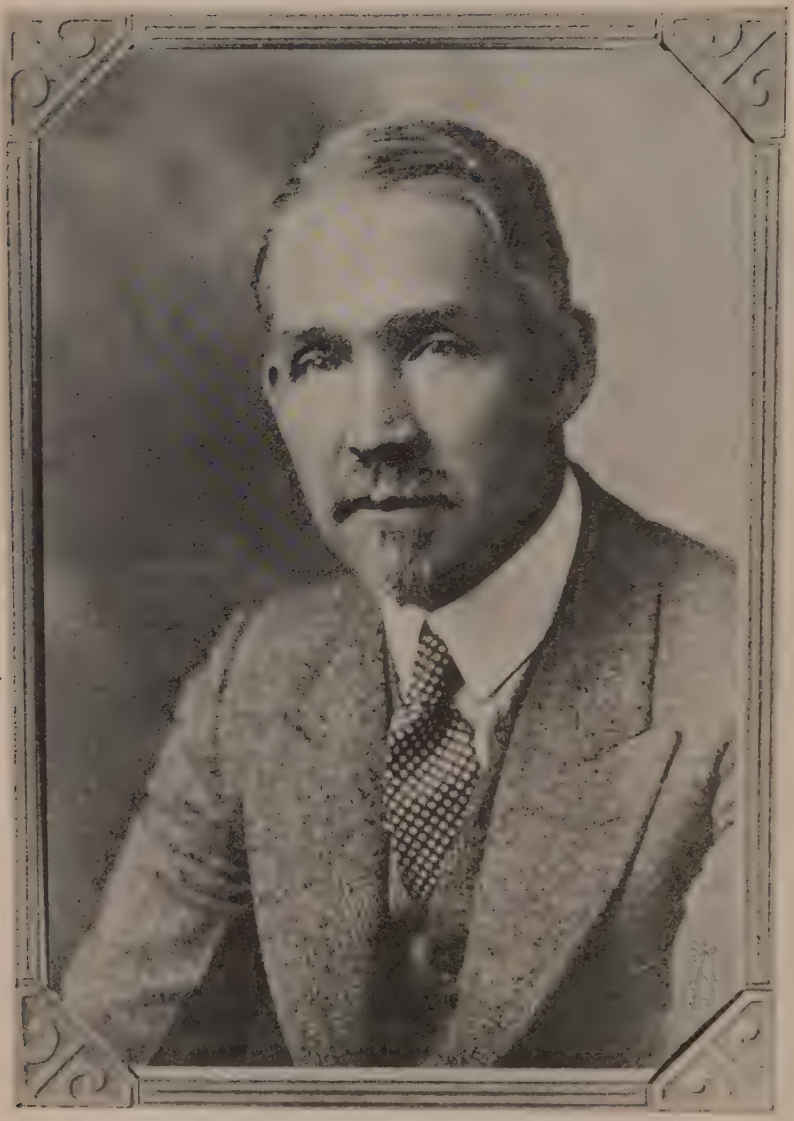
President Rufus K. Hardy

By President Levi Edgar Young

I APPROACH the writing of this sketch of Rufus K. Hardy with a great deal of joy. He and I were boys together. We played the same games in our childhood days; we attended the same district school and had the same teachers; we joined the other boys in their hikes through City Creek canyon and on to the surrounding hills; we steered the same large sled down the hill in winter time; and snow-balled the same passers-by. Yet there was a kind of honor to us boys as a group. It is safe to say that we never picked on smaller boys, and we never ran from the larger ones. Our teacher in the old Twelfth Ward school (the building still stands on east First South Street) was John B. Moreton. The "higher" room where he taught, was in the basement of the building. It was the day when we were graded according to readers, and famous was the boy or girl who had reached the Fifth Reader and could do complex fractions. Mr. Moreton understood us, and though a fine disciplinarian, he was never harsh, and happy was he, when a boy or girl would work hard at the assigned lessons, and manifest a love for books. His classes were always interesting. Blessed with a vivid imagination, he would take us on long trips to distant countries and tell us about the heroes of history. We learned to live the subjects he taught, and the boys and girls would remain voluntarily after school to listen to some story or hear him read the poems of Tennyson and Longfellow.

There was a certain fineness of character to the boys and girls of the Twelfth Ward school. Many of them with whom Rufus and I played have won for themselves high honors in the world. We played "townball" with Bry Wells, who is now a Major General in the United States Army. Will Riter, who used to recite Patrick Henry's speech before the Virginia House of Burgesses with dramatic effect, became the assistant Attorney General of the United States, and was living in Washington, when death took him. George Riter used to make us laugh at his stories. He held the position of City engineer for Salt Lake City for many years, and many of the paved streets of Salt Lake were due to his careful planning. Edith Ellerbeck was on her way to fame as a writer of fiction, when her life was cut short. Mahonri Young still lives, and is one of the world's great sculptors. Ida Savage was a fine art critic. She died some years ago. Mr. Moreton had a way of stimulating ideals within the souls of his boys and girls, and he created a "moral thoughtfulness" that remanied with us all through life.

As I look back now through the years, I see him standing before the old brown desk, listening to our recitations and quietly correcting our mistakes. He made us feel sincerely that there is such a thing as "moral health as beautiful and as desirable as health of the body; and that the signs of it are truthfulness, sincerity, kindness, helpfulness, self-respect, self-control, courage, and fulfilment of duty." He was a great teacher, and fortunate was the boy or girl who came under his influence.



PRESIDENT RUFUS K. HARDY

IT was in such an atmosphere that Rufus Hardy received his early school training. But greater than his schooling was the influence of his old home. President Hardy comes of fine pioneer parentage. His father was the son of Josiah G. Hardy, who drove an ox team across the plains in early days, and suffered hardships almost beyond description. Rufus Hardy, the father, had an artistic turn of mind, and for many years, he played in the old Mark Croxall band and George Careless orchestra. Annie Kay Hardy was an ideal mother. In her home, she trained her sons, John, Rufus, and Carl in the paths of rectitude, and imparted to them truths and inspired them with ideals not found in books. She was an outstanding and sympathetic character; and had an understanding heart. She was a graduate of the old University of Deseret and had studied history and philosophy under Dr. John R. Park. Always serene and patient, Annie Kay inherited from her English parents stability of purpose and constancy to high principles. From her lips, her boys learned the precepts of the Bible. She gloried in the traditions of early American history, and loved the poems of Whittier and Longfellow. She struggled to educate her children; at times her work was hard, for she taught school, and often left home in the early morning and returned at the end of the day tired and discouraged. Yet no one ever saw her face clouded with a frown. The mother was Rufus's greatest teacher, and from her he inherited a love for books; from the father, an appreciation for music. President Hardy, when but a young man, became prominent in the real estate business in Salt Lake City; and then for a period of twenty-five years, he was supervisor of the Western States Life Insurance Company. His reputation for honest dealing was known to his host of friends; and he always found time to look after the interests of orphans and widows, who came under his influence. His kind heart has always been expressed in charitable acts, which have relieved much suffering and want. In business, he has a fine sense of accuracy, combined with a sound and calm judgment. He has often surmounted difficulties by his unwearied diligence to prosecute labor, which his physical condition at times must otherwise have arrested.

President Hardy was just nineteen years of age, when he was first called to perform a mission in New Zealand among the Maoris. He was absent from home in this field of labor over three and a half years, and during his absence, he not only learned to speak the language fluently, he became greatly interested in the traditions and history of the Maori people. He sees in the lore of that people, substantial facts that connect them with the Jewish race. While it may be true that there lived in New Zealand in prehistoric times, a race of people whose lineage is not known, yet it appears to be certain that Semitic civilization has stamped itself upon the native inhabitants. These people, according to President Hardy's conclusions, have always moved in a religious atmosphere, and have ascribed a religious origin to their power and a sacred character to their kings. They endowed the family with rigid cohesion and the maintenance of family life was a sacred duty. Many important legends are preserved among the people, which have helped to maintain their ancient government, and to regulate the conduct of men—the Creation, the Victory of

Light over Darkness; the Fall of Man, and the Deluge. Christianity appeals to them, and whenever they have accepted the Gospel, they have maintained its dignity in their hearts by living it.

To the Maoris, President Hardy has gone three times to carry the Gospel message, and at the time of his call to the First Council of Seventy at the last General Conference of the Church, he was presiding over the New Zealand mission. He has just recently been released, and is now on his way home. Elder Hardy has a great love for the out-of-doors. Ever since he was a small boy, he has roamed the hills. He knows the trees and flowers. To this day, he loves hunting and fishing, and hardly a stream in Utah is unknown to him, for trout fishing has been one of the joys of his life. When I think of him going into the remote canyons every year, I recall Walter Savage Landor's fine lines:

"We are what suns and winds and waters make us;
The mountains are our sponsors, and the rills
Fashion and win their nursling with their smiles."

President Hardy is well equipped for his divine call to the position as one of the First Council of Seventy. His experience has been broad and active. His early training has given him a love for books, and he has a comprehensive knowledge of history and literature. His charming companionship, his knowledge of the Gospel, and his generous consideration of others; all give him a fine setting for his future work among the people. He will be greatly loved.

In Confidence to Santa

By Mabel S. Harmer

WE once believed, more or less, that happiness consisted in an abundance of things but of late years we have learned that happiness depends much more upon what use we make of our possessions.

Certain it is that we face life today with a truer sense of values than in our days of "prosperity" and both from necessity and inclination will attempt to pass that knowledge on to our children.

In selecting Xmax gifts for children there are many things to consider. With some of us the first consideration has to be value. What will be the most worthwhile toy for the least money. A most important consideration at any time — in depression or out of it—is what the gift will do for the child. Will it continue to hold its interest, provide him with something to do or something to make? And last but not least, of course, is the child's own preference. It would be rather dreadful to give Jack a red engine if his heart were set on a pair of roller skates.

"What can you do"? is a question that a youngster has a right to ask of any plaything. A new toy, however bright and attractive it may look, must be capable of doing something, else it is fit for nothing but to be taken apart.

Toys must be chosen which will give free rein to the imagination, develop budding creative instincts and provide real lessons in sense training and muscular control. A recent survey on Play Behavior and Choice of Play Materials, by Dr.

Van Alstyn shows that children spend more time on raw materials than on material of other types and that all ages show the same interest in these raw materials.

FORTUNATELY there is no end of playthings which respond to the touch of small creative fingers from the modeling clay which can be purchased in bright colors at the 5 and 10 stores to the chemistry outfits for the boy in or near his 'teens.

Every boy must own a set of tools onetime or other in his life. Most probably all of the time after he is three or so. First come the simple processes of hammering and sawing, both absorbing pastimes and fine physical exercises and practice in control. A small workbench must be provided if mother doesn't care to have various and assorted nail-holes in her kitchen linoleum. If you want to give the young carpenter a thoroughly delightful book along with the tools there is "Your Work Shop" by Edna Plimpton (MacMillan) which a seven year old boy can read for himself. "When Mother Lets Us Carpenter" by John D. Adams (Moffat Yard) is another with good shop advice, interesting drawings and amusing verses.

I daresay you thought there was nothing new to be said about dolls but doll news like the dolls themselves never grows old. Not long ago a small girl showed me a lovely doll that had been given her by an aunt. She was kept carefully in a box and the ribbons, laces and small white shoes were all immaculate. When I had duly admired the lady she was placed back on a shelf where she spent all of her days. The small girl then picked up her real doll and trotted off to play. The latter had a rubber body, soft and cuddly like a baby's and could be bathed and tended in a most realistic manner.

Girls never tire of sewing for their dollies. I know one mother who provides a whole set of materials for her young daughter to make up for the doll after Xmas and secures for her many happy, busy hours. Jane would much rather have the fun of making them up herself than to have the finer doll clothes which her mother might have made.

Cooking utensils are fascinating to the little girl and a cook book makes a nice gift for either boys or girls who like to go adventuring in the kitchen. They are sure to enjoy "Jane Louise's Cook Book" by Louise Price Bell (Coward McCann Co.). One eight year old boy sometimes amuses himself for hours on a rainy day by making, cutting and decorating cookies. Of course the kitchen floor is a wreck afterwards but his mother says that she prefers having the floor wrecked rather than her own nerves.

Then there are numerous kinds of construction sets for the older children, such as erector sets and airplanes to assemble. For the younger ones the Playskool toys offer unlimited possibilities for imaginative and creative play and are also found within a wide range of price. The Lincoln logs are splendid for the child just beyond the building block age.

Not all of the child's playthings should involve the use of a great deal of physical energy. There are times when it simply is not possible for mother to allow Johnny either to be hammering or working the new punching bag. And there are times when Johnny himself should have a period of quiet although he very seldom realizes it. For these periods of quiet play there are pic-

ture books to color with crayons, puzzles, table games and anagrams.

There are interesting sets on the market now of miniature Indians, cowboys, historical figures, farm animals and vehicles. These figures are from two to six inches high and give a wide range for imaginative play, especially if there is a sand-table or some similar arrangement where a farm or townsite can be laid out.

IT is possible to choose toys so carefully that there will be little need for discarding. Wheel toys, blocks, playfurniture, dolls and tools may be used for years if some attention is given to their durability in the first place.

Some variety in playthings is also necessary because a small child cannot normally be expected to stay with one toy for any great length of time. As he grows older he can concentrate for a longer period of time but for the very young child it is better to buy two or three inexpensive playthings than one of higher price.

It is also important that the toy fit the age of the child for whom it is intended. There is no need of giving a set of complicated tools when a hammer and saw are all that Johnny can manipulate. On the other hand ten year old Mary may be deeply offended if she is given some plaything she regards as babyish. The very young child needs large materials to work with because his efforts are crude. He wants large building blocks and crayons and prefers pictures to color that do not have much detail. After the eighth year he is capable of using keener mental effort and more deft physical application.

It is possible to provide too many toys as well as too few. The child may become satiated and lose interest just as the appetite will tire of too many sweets. The "poor little rich girl" with too many toys is almost as sad a case as the child whom Santa deals with lightly.

NO Xmas list is complete without books. They are the universal gift for young and old, rich and poor. There is no need of buying books that are discarded when read through once. The books that one wants to place on the bookshelf are the ones that can be read over and over again. You know of the beloved "Alice in Wonderland," "Heidi," "Pinochio," Kipling's "Jungle Book" and the Alcott books which no child should be allowed to grow up without.

Some of the newer delightful books are "Hitty," the story of the first hundred years of a wooden doll, "Now We Are Six" by A. A. Milne, the numerous twin books by Louise Fitch Perkins (The Japanese Twins, The Indian Twins, etc.) "The Cat Who Went to Heaven" by Elizabeth Coatworthy is a Newberry prize book as is also "Hitty." The animal pictures in the "Cat" make it a lovely nature study book.

IN providing playthings for children it is sometimes necessary to provide space in which to use them. It is unfair to give Bobby an electric train and then complain when he sets it up in the living room. But if the only floor plug in the house is to be found there, what else is he to do? It is often possible to arrange space in the basement for toys that stimulate activity and a congoleum rug and a little paint will make as attractive a setting as a child desires.

Playthings may and should be definite assets to a child's growth and development if we choose them wisely.

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

December—the joy of the Christmas time is to lighten other's burdens.

QUEEN MARIE of Roumania, sometimes called "The mother-in-law of the Balkans" and still the most fascinating queen in Europe, is now working on the third volume of her "Memoirs." The story of a princess whose life has been so interwoven with all the phases, social and political of Europe's reigning houses—the Hanoverians, the Hapsburgs, the Romanoffs, the Hohenzollerns, with their splendor, pomp and magnificence, not forgetting their tragedies, has made a popular appeal. This intimate and picturesque portrayal could be told by no other living person.

MISS JOSEPHINE ROCHE of Colorado becomes the first woman of the "Little Cabinet" by her appointment as assistant to Secretary Morgentheau of the treasury.

MARIA JERITZA, Vienna's famous prima donna, has been awarded the Officers' Gold Medal by the Austrian Republic. She is the first woman to receive this distinction.

JULIA DENT GRANT, former Princess Cantaenzone of Russia, has renounced her title and become again a citizen of the United States. She expects to take an active part in the political life of her native country.

FOUR WOMEN were noted members of the administrative council of 24 at the Episcopal convention held this fall. This is a fine recognition of the ability, generosity and effective work of the women of the church.

JEANETTE PICARD was pilot for her husband in their daring flight into the stratosphere. They reached the height of ten miles above the earth in seven hours and forty-eight minutes.

DR. ANNA P. BOUDIN is director of the dentistry section of the New York infirmary for women and children; she is also a member of the staff of the Bellvue Hospital.

HORTENSE McQUARRIE ODLUM, a Utah woman, has made a great success in business in New York and is president and manager of a big Manhattan smart shop.

MRS. LORINE PRUETTE, psychologist, writer and lecturer, has recently published a most readable book, "Women Through the Depression."

MRS. BLANCHE K. McKEY has been recognized among American lyricists having had poems included three times by editors of Anthologies. Mrs. McKey is a member of the gifted family of the late R. K. Thomas and Mrs. Carrie S. Thomas, a former member of the general board of the Relief Society.

ANNIE PIKE GREENWOOD, a favorite poet of Utah, has written a new book, "We Sagebrush Folks." It is an interesting interpretation of farm psychology also autobiographical.

"My Normandy," by Mary Cabel; *"Women Over Forty,"* by Sarah Trent; *"Tomorrow is Another Day,"* by Henrietta Buckmaster *"Next Year's Rose,"* by Diana Patrick, are some of the new books by women this winter.

Making the Christmas Story Live

By Ethel Hale Jeffery

TO my first baby, Christmas was ushered in with beautiful lights, a tree all aglow, bells, tinsel, and presents; a toy dog to hug, and a beautiful red ball. How he danced on my lap and clapped his hands with glee.

To each of the three children that followed it was the same. Christmas came to mean a beautifully lighted tree, Santa Claus and presents. Santa was real. Christmas was the thrill of their lives. How was I to teach them the real significance of Christmas. Their little minds could not revel in this wonderful pageantry of Santa, glitter, and toys, and concentrate on the story of the Christ Child. There must be something more concrete. I tried pictures. They enjoyed them while I told the story but their minds were soon back to Santa and the toys. An article in the Parents' Magazine by Mrs. Curtis gave me inspiration. She made the Christmas story live with a little manger scene of modeled figures, she found in a quaint village in Germany. This wonderful article is in the December number of The Parents' Magazine for 1932.

Then in our own *Relief Society Magazine* came the wonderful department—Young Mothers and Happy Mothers, and the article on decorating windows for holidays and how to make a little manger scene. Here was real inspiration.

We were in the city a few days later and after going through shops and department stores for several days we found, just as we were ready to return home, a little manger scene on light cardboard to be cut out and set up. It was beautiful.

I HAD thought that we would wait until a few days before Christmas to set it up. But the children would not wait. So the second day after reaching home we spent the whole afternoon with it. I told the story as we cut it out and each child held the little figures reverently. Even the baby, only eighteen months old, seemed to sense the sacredness of it. There was a little stall, a manger, two angels, the baby Jesus, Mary, Joseph, the shepherds. A lamb, and a donkey, and the three wise men on their camels with their gifts. A star shone above the manger. Every part had to be explained even to the gifts of the wise men, what they were and why they were given to the Baby Jesus. It was so much more than a picture. As I answered their questions and explained each little figure, it became real to them. And when "daddy" came in they were eager to show the scene to him and tell him all about it. They were anxious to show it, and tell the story to every visitor who came in.

Not having a fireplace we put it on the piano. There it shed its influence until weeks after Christmas when we felt it must be put away and preserved for another year.

THAT the Christmas story might be impressed deeper upon their minds we decided to use the story in our window decoration. There was no snow or frost so we gave the windows a frosted effect. We cut silhouettes from white crepe paper. We cut the paper to fit the bottom of the panes coming up the sides as the frost would on a cold morn-

ing. Emerging from the deep frost were the pictures. In the south window we represented the shepherds tending their flock with the angels singing and the bright star over head. For the east window were the wise men following the star. When the pictures were cut out we covered them with a thin coat of paste and sprinkled artificial snow over them. When this was dry we spread a thin coat of paste on the window pane and pressed the picture carefully to it, sprinkled a little snow around the edges and wiped away the excessive paste. The effect was wonderful. The children loved these window pictures as they did the manger scene. They were part of the story.

WHAT a lovely Christmas we had. Of course there was the tree and Santa and the other decorations. But the Christmas story still lives in their minds and they are anxious to again set up the litlte stable and put the "shepherds and wise men on the windows."

To my children Santa is still real. But I hope that he will soon fall into the background as the spirit of love and giving while Christ becomes the prominent figure of Christmas.

This is the most worth while thing I have ever done for my children. It is worth the time of the busiest of mothers. If you can't get the manger scene from a five and ten cent store you can get one from Sears, Roebuck and Company, or make the scene as Mrs. Josephsen suggests.

Here is a recipe for paste:

To three cups of boiling water add one cup of flour which has been stirred into enough water to make a smooth, easily poured paste. If it is hard to remove all the lumps, strain it before adding it to the boiling water. Pour a tiny stream into the boiling water stirring all the time. Let cook ten minutes. Remove from the fire and add one level tablespoon of salicylic acid, to preserve the paste, and one teaspoonful of oil of cloves, to give it a pleasant odor. Pour into jars and seal with paraffin. This paste will keep indefinitely if kept covered. It may be used as it is or with a little water when thin paste is needed.

Untold

By Grace Zenor Pratt

Whenever I think of Mary—in the hush of the eventide,
The peace of another Christmas night, will in my heart abide;
Time from the strife and din of things, to catch the light divine—
To list to the angel's chorus and read in the stars, a sign.
Whenever I think of Mary—my heart is close to tears—
There is only a veil between today, and the long silent years.
Whenever I hear the chorus of "Peace, good-will to men",
I live in the sweetest story ever told of Bethlehem;
From the shadows of night, the sages, follow the silver star,
While shepherds bow in the lowly shrine, with travelers, from afar;
Whenever I think of the Christ Child, asleep on His mother's breast,
I long to offer my dearest gifts, treasures I hold the best.

Whenever I think of Mary—there's a hush in the angel's song,
And a minor strain in the music, a sadness in that bright throng;
For a cross must have cast its shadow o'er the mother's heart, that day,
That even the glory of one fair night, could never drive away.
So whenever I think of Mary and Bethlehem's story, old,
With all of its wondrous beauty—I think of the half, untold.

His Father's Son

By Ivy Williams Stone

Chapter 4

IT was not long before Mrs. Haven knew that her daughter-in-law was a musical genius and a kitchen failure. She accepted this fact with true philosophy and set herself the task of acting as buffer to shield the sensitive Kareen from the criticisms of the family. To Richard Haven, it was an ever present chagrin that his wife either could not, or would not cook. The girl whom he had thought was young enough to be molded to his ways of life, could not be adjusted to regulation and system. If she was hungry in the night, she rose and ate the first thing she could find; if she did not care to eat at noon, Esther thoughtfully put her dinner in the warming oven. Even Richard's threat to lock the piano soon lost its poignancy. Here his mother became Kareen's ally.

"You expect too much, son," admonished his mother. "You cannot make people over. I fancy that Kareen's people, for generations back, have had servants in their families. You must remember that Esther had twenty-odd years of good training. Esther is a born home maker. Kareen is a born musician. Let her alone."

Thus admonished by the mother whom he revered, Richard became less exacting, and Kareen spent longer hours in the parlor, picking out the music from her beloved set of encyclopædias. As the fall days made the parlor chilly, Mrs. Haven laid a fire every night in the Franklin stove, that Kareen might practise in the morning. And Richard chopped this extra wood without demur; Kareen's condition demanded that she be cared for assiduously.

Esther, mindful of the future, felt that if Kareen would not cook, she must learn to sew. When they moved into their own home there would be need for bedding, and the housekeeping standards of the period demanded that every well furnished house have a goodly supply of quilts.

"Come Kareen," urged Esther, "you will need quilts. You really have none of your own. I can't *give* you that white coverlet, because I am saving it for my own wedding, but I will teach you how to make one like it; and many others, too," she added, getting enthusiastic over the prospect of a winter of joyous piecing, "if you care to learn. The 'Double Wedding Ring' would be beautiful."

"Do you mean that twisted circle one you have on your own bed?" queried Kareen. "I counted the pieces in it one day. There are twenty-nine rings and twenty-seven pieces in each ring. That makes seven hundred eighty-three pieces to be sewed together, to say nothing of the 'set in.' I'd rather practice."

"Then we'll try something easier," temporized Esther, "You see you must learn to sew, Kareen. If you should ever have a————" Esther stopped, suddenly abashed.

"I'm going to have a baby in the summer," announced Kareen evenly, while Esther blushed at this too frank admission of a subject she had been taught should never be discussed. "I've named him 'Franz Schubert Haven'."

"You've named him what?" gasped Esther. "O Kareen, that's

wicked to name a baby before it is born. Suppose it should be a girl?"

"It won't be," stated Kareen with assurance. "It will be a boy with big blue eyes like mine, and long tapering fingers. He will be a musician. He will become a famous violinist. That's why I'm naming him after Franz Schubert, who composed the most wonderful music I ever heard. But he died young."

Esther sighed with resignation. It was hopeless, trying to adjust this frank, innocent child to Haven discipline. What would father Haven say to this foreign name being fastened to an American born child of the Haven clan? Why, there had been a *Richard Haven* in each family for seven generations, and always the first born son was so honored. It would be sacrilege—nothing else!

"We could build your house of rock, like ours, son," father Haven was discussing Richard's home which was to be started with the coming of spring. "But rock masons are hard people to find these days. Perhaps we had better make it brick."

"Brick would be better," was Richard's terse decision. "We will have five rooms with a large pantry leading off from the kitchen that we can later remodel into a bathroom. I've seen pictures of rooms with a long zinc tub to bathe in, and a wash basin that you don't have to pick up. You just pull a plug out of the bottom and the water runs out of the house into a cess pool. Down in Salt Lake City some of the richer people and the opera house have got lamps that don't burn with kerosene. There's a little globe that hangs from the ceiling on a wire and you just turn a switch and the globe floods the whole room with light. It's electricity."

"I want a room for my piano that's all windows," unbidden Kareen announced her wishes. "A piano should have an inside wall and lots of light to fall over the left shoulder. The encyclopædia said so. And I don't want the ceiling so high as these, and I want the walls covered with pretty pictures."

"Kareen," admonished Esther, shocked that one so young should dare tell father Haven how to build a house. "Come with me, I have the cloth to make your quilt. We will go to my room and cut out the pieces."

IN Esther's room, a counterpart of the bare, plastered room which Kareen disliked, Esther spread out six yards of beautiful "dye-fast" percale. "Did you ever see anything so beautiful," she cried with enthusiasm. "See, when we cut the pieces and lay them together, so," she deftly matched the squares over each other, "it will be beautfiul. And Richard will be proud of you; and you will enjoy having it on your bed Kareen, when—when, well, if you should ever be in bed for some sickness or other."

"You mean when the baby comes?" asked Kareen in innocence. "I declare Esther, you blush every time I mention the baby. *Franz Schubert Haven* won't be caring whether he's covered with a quilt made of seven hundred or seven thousand pieces. But I'll make the quilt, to please you. I want to do it all myself. Even the cutting out."

Esther smiled with joy. Visions of a dozen beautifully pieced or patched quilts, crowned with a white padded quilt flashed through her mind. If they worked industriously, both of them, they might have the quilts finished by the time the house was completed, provided of course that Oliver was not released sooner than he had reason to hope.

If Oliver could come home, nothing under heaven, not even the new baby, or the precious quilts could divert Esther's attention from him. She would live to wait upon him, to make him happy, to get him reestablished in the place in the home which he had left.

FOR the entire next day Kareen stayed mostly in her room, even refraining from practicing. Mother Haven feared she might be ill but she answered Esther's solicitous knock with a bright note that she was busy on the quilt. Esther, overjoyed, went back to her kitchen and prepared an extra nice supper. Kareen was *adjustable*. She would learn in time. And her beautiful face and softly curling hair was ever a source of surprise and joy to the more somber Esther, whose smooth locks had never shown any tendency to even wave.

At supper time Kareen came tripping down the stairs. Her eyes were shining, her voice happy. "See," she cried, holding up her handiwork that Richard, father Haven and even the hired man might see and admire. "See, it is all finished! I do not intend to spend weary months quilting as Esther does. The top of my quilt is completed!" All the assembled family looked; and Esther kept looking in amazement. It was too cruel to be true. Those six yards of beautiful flowered percale, for which Esther had traded hard gotten egg money, had been sewed together, three pieces to each side, into one large block! A quilt of six blocks, each one a yard square. Who had ever heard of such a foolish, childish trick!

"O Kareen," cried Esther, "how could you! I paid so much for that cloth, and you've gone and spoiled it all!"

"I don't see how it matters," complained Kareen petulantly. When we get the wool inside it will be just as warm as any quilt Esther owns. The baby won't know the difference." At this last remark, a terrible, deadly silence fell over the room. A woman had dared to speak of approaching motherhood before men other than her husband. Mother Haven dropped a bowl, which fell clattering into her plate. Richard choked over food and father Haven said kindly but firmly, "Kareen you are ill. You may be excused from the room."

IN June the baby came, a long, travail fraught with great hazard. The woman of the village had approached childbirth with vigor and courage; this child of play, to whom pain was unknown, was ignorant of life. She lay for days, scarcely breathing, noticing no one, until finally Richard telegraphed to Salt Lake City for a doctor. When he came, accompanied by a woman in starched white clothes, Esther and Mrs. Haven stepped thankfully aside and down in the parlor where the beloved encyclopædias were lying in confusion all over the big square piano, they prayed silently. Prayed that the lives of the two in the room upstairs might be saved. "I don't care what she names the baby, if she only lives," whispered Esther. "O mother Haven, "It can't be. There has to be a Haven son, and Oliver said he wouldn't marry any woman on earth so long as he has that terrible scar where his nose ought to be."

"There, there, Esther child," soothed Mrs. Haven. "This good doctor will save the lives of both those children if the Lord is willing." And while the two women prayed in the parlor, the doctor and the nurse worked as they had seldom worked before. And while they worked,

Richard Haven stood mutely by, forgetting the chores and the milking and his prized purebreds. Forgetting all, save that the beautiful child-wife was near death, and that all hope of an heir might die with her.

After what seemed interminable hours, the doctor's face relaxed and the nurse's labors were rewarded with a faint wail. "It is a boy child," announced the doctor, "and they both will live. But she can never have another.'

"Kareen, Kareen beautiful child, do you hear?" whispered Richard, bending over the bed. "We have a son! Richard Haven the third has arrived to live with us!"

"Franz Schubert Haven," breathed Kareen and lapsed into blessed restful sleep.

Richard's joy knew no bounds. Although it was near midnight he dashed down into the dimly lighted parlor where the family were waiting. "He is here," he cried. "Mother—Esther, I have a son! Richard Haven the third is here; alive and well! Kareen said something about *Franz somebody,* I wonder what she meant?"

Esther did not answer. Full well she knew the months during which Kareen had spoken of this boy child's name; full well she knew the Haven assumption that no first born child could carry any other name than Richard. She felt too weary for argument. If the boy could have been hers, if she could have been married to Oliver, how gladly she would have gone into the valley to bear a son to carry that honored name!

SHE walked out of the house to the front porch, feeling the need of quiet and solitude. The full June moon was almost like daylight. The trees and shrubbery were sharply silhouetted. The air was heavy with the odor of lilacs and honeysuckle. As Esther stood resting against a porch pillar, the front gate clicked, and a man came slowly up the walk. He walked wearily, with drooping head, as one who has lost all interest in life. He carried a valise. For one brief moment Esther stood transfixed; then she cried out and forgetting all training of modesty ran down the walk.

"Oliver," she cried, "Oh, Oliver! O, why didn't you let us know you were coming!"

"I didn't want the folks to see me," answered Oliver in a hopeless tone. "I came on purpose in the night. I brought you lots of cloth, Esther, but it isn't to make quilts with. It's to make these shields that I have to wear." Esther glanced up at his face. The moonlight revealed the outlines of an oval shaped shield, of a strange new color, half green, half brown, that concealed the middle portion of Oliver's face.

(*To be continued*)

By Holly Baxter Keddington

THE world can be very cruel to children at times. The glad Christmas time is sometimes the cruelest.

Recently the mother of an only girl, a girl of nine, was telling of her experience when the child first found out about Santa Claus. The mother had told Mary that Santa Claus was a mythical person and still the child had seen the Santas here and there so why should she not believe him a person? One day at school, however, Mary was told that her parents were Santa Claus and that was why she had been disappointed on many occasions; that the parents got her what they wanted to get, not what she asked for. This mother was terribly upset, for there had been times when Mary had not received what she asked for. With the cooperation of an aunt and uncle, the father and mother interested Mary in a list of her own, helped her to shop and to find little gifts for a number of people. Mary was soon so absorbed in what she was doing that when she was asked what she wanted she replied, "Oh, I don't care what I get. You surprise me, as I am going to surprise you." All the sorrow was taken out of this first real Christmas by bringing into it unselfishness, cooperation, love and the thrill of presenting a gift that brought forth the expression "just what I needed."

I HAVE often thought how perfect Thangsgiving and Christmas day would be, if, just at evening a beautiful church service was arranged in each ward. The association of friends helps us better to appreciate our blessings.

TOO much cannot be said about the influence of evenings at home with the family. These little social and religious affairs bring the children closer to the parents. They afford an opportunity for the parents to observe changing growth and needs of the children that cannot be obtained in any other way. These occasions can be preparations for Sunday School, Seminary, M. I. A. or Primary. Three minute talks, songs and readings can well be used here to give confidence to the performer. A little refreshment, served by the children, teaches poise and social conduct that in many homes is neglected.

TO all who have made written or verbal suggestions, criticism and appreciation of this little page, I convey my sincere appreciation. If the readers have in any small way benefited, I am sincerely happy. At the end of a year then, may I wish you the Season's greetings and with the New Year, "May your dreams come true."

The First American Christmas

By Cecelia Jensen

CHRISTMAS trees and tinsel played no part in the first 25th of December on the American Continent. There was no gleeful childish laughter—no steaming Christmas dinner. The rock bound coast of New England had lain too many years in solitude to provide a hearty welcome for its new inhabitants.

We would like to at least imagine these hardy Pilgrims as grouped around luscious wild goose and turkey, but the record they have left in the "Journal of the Pilgrims" and "Gov. Bradford's History" tells a vastly different story. So precious was each piece of game or bit of Indian corn, that every occasion of securing them was carefully noted in their journals.

It was written on November 28 "we had three fat geese and six ducks to our supper, which we eat with soldier's stomach." No similar record is made until January 4th. On that day a group of four or five men under the leadership of Capt. Standish went out in search of the savages whose fires they had seen about. "As they came home they shot at an eagle and killed her, which was excellent meat; it was hardly to be discerned from mutton." Another record shows that on "Friday, 5 January, one of the sailors found alive upon the shore a herring which the master had to his supper, which put us in hopes of fish, but as yet we had got but one cod; we wanted small hooks." On January 7, they succeeded in securing "three great seals, and an excellent good cod."

They were evidently not so favored on Christmas day for there is no record made of their securing any meat.

VERY scanty were the supplies on board ship. The larder contained beer, butter, flesh and other foods such as "cheese" and "hogsheads of meal," the "meal" consisting of wheat and rye flour. Before their departure from England, rather than run in debt to their close-fisted patron Thomas Weston, they had sold ninety firkins of their butter, so no doubt their butter was thinly spread.

The following excerpt taken from the "Journal of the Pilgrims" graphically pictures the bleak cheerlessness of Christmas day.

"On ye 24 day towards night some as they were at worke, heard a noyse of some Indians, which caused us all to go to our Muskets, but we heard no further, so we came aboord againe, & left some twentie to keepe the court of gard; that night we had a sore storme of winde & rayne.

"Munday the 25, being Christmas day, we begin to drink water aboord, but at night the Master caused us to have somee Beere, & on boord we had diverse times now and then some Beere, but on shore none at all."

Scanty as seems the Christmas fare on board ship, it was rich indeed compared with that on shore. To these "twentie men" left to guard was assigned the task of building the first Pilgrim dwelling, as recorded in "Gov. Bradford's History," ch. x. "Ye 25 day (they) began to erecte ye first house for comone use to receive them and their goods."

All day long that cheerless Christmas day, the choppers chopped, split wood and sawed. Strange

beings, indeed, they must have seemed to those painted Indians and wild animals prowling about them, curious as to who was invading their domain. All day long in their dark doublets and hose and broad brimmed hats, they sent the "butter-colored chips" flying into the snow. The day was cold and raw, some of their friends were sick and dying and others had contracted severe colds from wading to their hips through the sea to land.

Their Christmas dinner probably consisted of a piece of bread put into their dinner pails when they left the ship. Far away upon another continent their loved ones prayed for their well being, while here they prepared a place in which they might worship their Master freely. Fitting indeed, it was that upon the anniversary of his birth into the world they began laying the cornerstone of a nation into which should come the restoration of his Gospel.

Our Project

"BOOKS OF THE BIBLE"

From Union Stake

Boy enters stage repeating—Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers—Oh Gosh—I don't see why the Relief Society Teachers got Mom started in on this. I've got to learn the books of the Old Testament—39 of them! I don't see why 'cause there is nothing interesting in it. I tried to read it once and couldn't find a thing good in it. Oh hum! I'm sleepy. (*Turns pages of Bible*) Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus. (*Yawns lays head on book.*)

BIBLE: Son, I am the Bible and I have such interesting things to tell you and some wonderful people to introduce to you. Here are two I know you will like to meet. (*Enter Adam and Eve, dressed in white with girdle of leaves.*)

ADAM: I am Adam and this is Eve. My boy, know this, that instead of being wicked transgressors as this world would have you believe, we gave to you a great gift, that of mortal life. We have kept the commandments of the Lord, to subdue the earth and we have multiplied and replenished the world. You should rejoice that through our fall and the glorious atonement of Jesus Christ the way of Eternal Life has been opened unto you.

BIBLE: This is Exodus. In its pages is a story greater than any fairy story you ever read because it is true. A story of a wicked king who oppressed and killed the children of Israel until a great prince arose to lead them out of bondage. Did you ever hear of the waves of the ocean ceasing to roll and people crossing on dry land? (*Enter Moses, Aaron and Miriam. They stand gazing with hands shading eyes as if watching the Egyptians. Moses standing with arm across Aaron's shoulder.*)

MOSES: Which is like unto the Lord oh my brother Aaron.

MIRIAM: Oh my brother, Moses, may I sing my song of joy? (*Bending on knee before them.*)

MOSES: Sing thy song my sister. (*Miriam chants Ex.* 15:1-6.)

BIBLE: When Moses died a light went out greater than ever shone in Israel again. He was a prophet who communed with God himself. Could Israel find a leader great enough to lead this mighty nation? Yes. Here he is. (*Enter Joshua.*)

JOSHUA: I am Joshua. I am not a prophet and can not commune with our Father as does Moses but I have been trained under the hand of that great leader and I was permitted to be with Moses on the Mount in the very presence of God. If you like a story of mystery and floods, storms, and spies, turn my pages. I will tell you how the walls of Jericho fell before us without one blow. How, you ask? Read and know the secret.

BIBLE: After all the war and bloodshed, horror and tumult of Joshua and Judges how delightful to turn the pages to a wonderful story of love and home life. Young and old find delight in this simple story of love and loyalty. No one can read these four short chapters without being the better for the reading. (*Enter Ruth, Naomi, Orpha. As they reach the center of stage Orpha kisses Naomi and walks to left of stage weeping.*)

NAOMI: (Ruth 1:15) Behold thy sister-in-law is gone back unto her people and unto her gods, return thou after thy sister.

RUTH: (Ruth 1:16-17) Entreat me not to leave thee. (*Soft music during this.*)

BIBLE: Again I turn my pages and find you a story of patriotism, of a beautiful woman who risked her life to save her people.

ESTHER: I am Esther—when a great crisis arose in my life, I called for fasting and prayer, I needed these to make me strong enough to face my test. I faced my king, made my plea and because of faith and prayer I was granted the life of my countrymen.

BIBLE: Now I will bring you a man who is counted the wisest man ever known. After all these centuries his wisdom brings us joy. The Lord appeared to him in a dream and said, "Ask what I shall give thee" (Judges 3:5) and this man replied, "I am but a little child, I know not how to go out or come in. Give thy servant an understanding heart to discern between good and bad. This is Solomon. (*Solomon enters followed by soldier carrying baby—followed by weeping women.*)

SOLOMON: (Kings 3:26) Divide the living child in two and give one-half to one and one-half to the other.

MOTHER: Oh my Lord give her the living child and in no wise slay it.

FALSE MOTHER: Let it be neither mine nor thine but divide it.

SOLOMON: Give her the child—she is the mother thereof.

BIBLE: My boy—men have ridiculed me, laughed at me, claimed to have proven me false, condemned me to oblivion and still I remain the greatest force for righteousness in the world.

Each character after having made his speech passes either to the right or left of stage forming a semi-circle just within the shadow of the light.

After Solomon had made his last speech the light was flashed on all of the characters, and by the strains of soft music each in the same order as they had entered the stage, returned again into the folds of the huge Bible from which they had come upon the stage.

BOY (*awakening*): My but that was a beautiful dream, those people were so interesting. I think I'll read the Bible and learn more about them.

Characters

Adam and Eve; Moses, Aaron, Miriam; Joshua; Ruth, Naomi, Orpha; Esther; Solomon, Soldiers, Baby; Two Women.

"Back To The Scriptures"—Project

November—Old Testament

By Twin Falls Stake Relief Society

November is our Thanksgiving month. Let us study the Bible with this thought in view, that more than ever in our lives we will be deeply grateful and praise God from whom all blessings flow.

Quoting Professor Goodell—"The Bible is the master book of the ages. No one young or old can afford to be ignorant of this greatest Book of Books. Shakespeare, Ruskin, Webster, Gladstone, and scores of other great men in political and literary life affirm that whatever is worthwhile and impressive in their style can be traced to their familiarity with the Bible. The Bible includes the most beautiful of Literature and some of the unquestioned masterpieces of writing. The greatest value of the Bible however is not to be in its philosophy or poetry, its history or biography, but rather in the fact that it influences our lives for good as no other book can do."

First week in November

See Relief Society Magazine, December, 1933 and January, 1934—Literary Department—for the story "How our Bible came to us." Turn to your Bible index and find number and names of books in Old Testament. Memorize if possible. Study from Relief Society magazine, August 1934, page 468, "Aid for Our Project."

Second week in November

Creation of God's earth in all its perfectness as a home for His children. Read Genesis Chapters 1 to 9.

Third week in November

Thanksgiving stories in Old Testament.

a. Hannah's Thanksgiving — 1st Samuel.

b. Rejoicing and gratitude of children of Israel after crossing the Red Sea. Exodus Chapters 14 and 15.

c. Story of Deborah and her gratitude. Judges Chapter IV.

Fourth week in November

Old Testament Songs of Praise. Select the ones you like best. Psalms 145, 146, 103, 111, 36, 93, 138, 150, 107, 33.

"Back to the Bible" is meant for all the family. Mother, much of the success of this project depends upon you. You will be asked how many chapters you have read. Please make note of this.

Put this outline where you can easily find it.

The Old Testament

By St. George Stake Relief Society

IN accordance with the request of the General Board, we wish our members to carry on the project of reading the scriptures in their homes. The Old Testament contains so much in the way of history, so many fascinating stories, such stirring prophesies and such profound wisdom that it would repay years of study. In two months we can do no more than make a superficial survey, but we hope we can create in our children a reverence for this book which will bring them back to it again later. We suggest that every mother read the material in the August Relief Society Magazine for general background, and we offer the following as an additional help.

First, there are many general facts that can be taught about the Old Testament. The number of books it contains can be remembered by thinking of the number of letters in the word Old (3) and in the word

Testament (9) put together to make 39. The names can be memorized by singing them to a simple tune which will be taught in the wards. The first seventeen books constitute history, the next five are the poetical books and the last seventeen are the prophets.

At least one valuable evening can be spent in teaching the children how we got our Bible. What were books like before the days of printing? This will lead naturally to a description of the papyrus rolls and the old quill pens. The Old Testament grew for thousands of years, as each prophet wrote his message. They wrote in the Hebrew language and their books were re-copied by hand and kept in the churches. Two hundred and eighty years before Christ these Old Testament books were all collected and translated into Greek so that Jesus used them in much the same form that we have them now, only in a different language. He probably had the Hebrew version. Three hundred seventy-five years after Christ they were translated, from the Greek into Latin. There are many, many interesting stories connected with the translating of this Latin version into English, any of which the family will enjoy. Older children might read them aloud to the group. One such story is about Caedmon. I quote from the account of Bede, the scholar, written twelve hundred years ago.

"This man had lived the life of a layman until he was somewhat advanced in years, and had never learned any songs. For this reason often at the banquets where for the sake of merriment it was ruled that they should all sing in turn at the harp, when he would see the harp approach him, he would arise from the company out of shame and go home to his house. On one occasion he had done this and had left the banquet hall and gone out to the stable to the cattle which it was his duty to guard that night. Then in due time he lay down and slept, and there stood before him in his dream a man who hailed him and greeted him and called him by name: 'Caedmon, sing me something.' Then he answered and said. 'I cannot sing anything; and for that reason I left the banquet and came here, since I could not sing.' Once more the man who was speaking with him said: 'No matter; you must sing for me.' Then he answered. 'What shall I sing?' Thereupon the stranger said: 'Sing to me of the beginning of things.' When he had received this answer he began forthwith to sing, in praise of God the Creator, verses and words that he had never heard."

From that time forth Caedmon had as a gift the power to change the Bible stories into poetry.

In those early times the Bible was considered too sacred for any but priests to read and handle. When Tyndale declared that the common people should have it to use, he was forced to leave the country. Because he insisted on printing the Bible and selling it to everyone, he was finally strangled and burned.

Later (1604) King James was converted to Tyndale's idea and selected a group of the best scholars in all England to perfect the translations for everyone. This is the version we now use, called the King James' Version.

II

For younger children we suggest the following stories as some we are sure all will enjoy:

Genesis 6, 7, 8, The story of Noah.

Genesis 22, Abraham offers up Isaac.

Genesis 3, 7-45, The story of Joseph in Egypt.

Exodus 2, The story of Moses.

I Samuel 6, David Chosen King.

I Samuel 7, David kills Goliath.

Daniel Chapter 1:8-21, Daniel keeps the Word of Wisdom.

Daniel Chapter 2, Daniel Interprets the King's Dream.

Daniel 3, Daniel's friends cast into the Furnace.

Daniel 6, Daniel Cast into the Lion's Den.

I King's 17, 18, Stories of Elijah.

II Kings 2, 4, 5, 6, Stories of Elisha.

III

Another excellent way of teaching the Old Testament is to have children memorize choice selections. We suggest the following as only a few:

Psalm 19, The Heavens declare the glory of God, etc.

Psalm 23, The Lord is my shepherd, etc.

Psalm 24, The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof, etc.

Psalm 51, Have mercy upon me, O Lord, etc. (This is David's prayer of repentance and is said to have been used by more penitent people than any other one.)

Proverbs 3, Verses 13 to 20. A beautiful tribute to wisdom.

Proverbs 10, Individual verses. (Every chapter in Proverbs is rich in quotable verses.)

Ecclesiastes 11:9-11, Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, etc.

Ecclesiastes 12, Remember now thy creator in the days of thy youth, etc.

Job 38:1-8, God speaks to Job out of the whirlwind.

Note:—St. George Stake prepared much more valuable material than we are able to print, but this will show what excellent work they are doing.

Project Pamphlets

OUR Magazine subscription has gone so much higher than we anticipated that we long ago exhausted the supply of August Magazines which contains Dr. Swenson's help on the Project. So many are eager to have this material that we have gotten out pamphlets containing the seven pages found in our August Magazine on the Project. These may be secured at 2c a copy postpaid. Send orders to Julia A. F. Lund, Room 28, Bishop's Bldg.

Joseph, the Carpenter

By Linda S. Fletcher

A sanctuary underneath the stars,
On which the love of Heaven sheds a glow,
Proclaiming: "Here is peace—a spot which bars
Destruction; haloed 'tis by hope's bright bow!"
This wast thou unto Her, O Carpenter,
Who—but for thee—outcast and all alone,
Had felt the cruel jeer, the deadly stone
Of those whom thy act could alone deter!
Model of holy husbandhood, to thee
The hearts of women turn—thy name they laud,
Thy tenderness they value gratefully.
On thee the world high honors should confer!
Noble, the spirit-ways thy soul e'er trod—
Worthy the foster-father of a God!

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

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RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

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VOL. XXI DECEMBER, 1934 No. 12

EDITORIAL

Our Project

WE are delighted with the way our Stakes are putting over the Project. Some Stakes have gotten out cards enough to place in every home in the Stakes, these cards are to be placed in prominent places as a reminder to read the Scriptures.

Grant Stake reports that at every Relief Society meeting either a 3 minute talk on the Project is given, a quotation from the Scripture is presented or an interesting experience they have had in studying the Scriptures in the home is given.

Union Stake has presented before the Priesthood, as well as having their own members see it, a dramatization which will be found on page 758 of this issue.

Portneuf Stake has mimeographed enough copies of an outline so that each member may have one.

St. George and Twin Falls have sent in some fine things some of which we print in this issue.

A number of Stakes report that the brethren are cooperating wholeheartedly and are helping all they can to make this Project successful.

Let us hear what you are doing.

New Sunday School Superintendency

ELDER GEORGE D. PYPER, who has given signal service along many lines but whose chief concern has been the great Sunday School cause, has now been appointed to succeed Elder David O. McKay as General Superintendent.

Brother Pyper has been on the General Board for 34 years, and has been Second Assistant General Superintendent since 1918. He knows the work thoroughly and his whole heart and soul are in it.

People are delighted with this recognition that has come as a signal reward for his devotion to this cause.

His First Assistant, Dean Milton Bennion, has been a member of the General Board since 1909. His Sec-

ond Assistant, Dr. George R. Hill, has been a member of the General Board since 1925. Both have been devoted to the Sunday School cause and are outstanding teachers.

We congratulate these brethren on their appointment. We wish them every success in their labors, and feel sure that the great work will march steadily forward under their direction.

Memorial Postage Stamp for Miss Anthony

PRESIDENT ROBISON has received a letter from Lena Madesin Phillips, President of the National Council of Women, stating that she had just learned that in honor of the memory of Susan B. Anthony, Postmaster General Farley has been asked to issue a memorial postage stamp in commemoration of the 115th anniversary of Miss Anthony's birth, which occurs on February 15, 1935.

President Robison immediately wired Postmaster General James A. Farley the following telegram: "The National Woman's Relief Society of Latter-day Saint Church Sixty-nine thousand strong urges the proposed issue of a memorial postage stamp in commemoration of the 115th anniversary of Susan B. Anthony's birth February 15th 1935. Every member of organization will be proud to use these stamps."

Miss Anthony stands out as one of the foremost women of all time in promoting the interests of her sex. The Relief Society in various ways have been glad to honor this great woman, and would be delighted if these stamps are issued, to use them extensively.

"Mormonism and Freemasonry," by Anthony W. Ivins

PRESIDENT ANTHONY W. IVINS completed and had the satisfaction of seeing published just before his death a most valuable volume, "Mormonism and Freemasonry." He wrote this to answer statements made in a pamphlet entitled "Mormonism and Masonry."

In his introduction he says, "It is obvious to one familiar with the subject that "Mormonism and Masonry" is simply another of the many absortive attempts which have been made to explain the calling of Joseph Smith, and the opening of the Gospel Dispensation of the Fulness of Times by other means than the direct interposition of God our Father, and Christ our Lord, his Only Begotten Son."

"It is the purpose of the writer of this reply to discuss the relationship of Mormonism to Freemasonry in a spirit of fairness and truth, to answer the criticisms of Mr. Goodwin, and leave Masons and Mormons and others who are not affiliated with either organization to decide whether the attitude assumed by the author of the booklet referred to is well taken."

President Ivins points out the conclusions reached regarding Mormonism and step by step makes clear the errors made in the deductions formed.

Knowing the restored Gospel thoroughly and strong in his adherence he clearly and unequivocally shows that Mormonism does not take its origin nor is it indebted in any way to the teachings of Masonry, but has come, as it affirms, through the administration of God the Father and his Son, Jesus Christ.

Price $1.50, Deseret Book Co.

Lesson Department

(First Week in February)

Theology and Testimony

LESSON V

THE AGENCY OF MAN

1. *A Basic Gift from God.* It appears that from the outset man was endowed with the right to choose and to act for himself. The scriptures declare that before man came to earth he was present at a council in heaven and sanctioned the plan of salvation as proposed by the Only Begotten of the Father. Lucifer, who was also present, sought to abrogate unto himself the power of God, and also to destroy the agency of man. (Moses 4:3.) For this cause he was cast down from heaven and "became Satan, yea, even the devil, the father of all lies, to deceive and to blind men, and to lead them captive at his will, even as many as would not hearken" unto the voice of God. In his rebellion Satan was followed by a "third part of the hosts of heaven." (D. & C. 29:36.)

2. Surely such a sacrifice would not have been permitted except that a basic principle was at stake. Before his rebellion, Satan "was an authority in the presence of God," and was called "even a son of the morning." Later because of his revolt against God, he was called "Perdition, for the heavens wept over him —he was Lucifer, a son of the morning." (D. & C. 76:26.) God had given unto man his agency (Moses 4:3; D. & C. 29:35.) This Satan sought to destroy, and, as a result, he and a third part of the hosts of heaven were cast down and became emissaries of evil. Surely, let it be repeated, such a sacrifice would not have been permitted, except that a basic principle was at stake. Souls are far too precious in the sight of God to permit such a loss, unless fundamental necessity demanded that it be done. It must needs be, then, than man's agency lies at the very foundation of human attainment and happiness. Indeed without it, man would be a tool of the evil one, forever at his mercy, without progress and without pleasure. Only when we contrast this condition with that which the agency of man offers is the gravity of Satan's demand at the council of heaven fully apparent.

3. *Taught in All Ages.* When the Lord placed Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden, he spoke unto the man saying, "Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat, but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shall not eat of it, neverthless, *thou mayest choose for thyself, for it is given unto* thee; but remember that I forbid it." (Moses 3:15, 17.)

4. The Lord instructed Enoch, "Go forth and do as I have commanded thee, . . . open thy mouth, and it shall be filled, and I will give thee utterance, for all flesh is in my hands, and I will do as seemeth me good, Say unto this people: Choose *ye this day, to serve the Lord God who made you.*" (Moses 6:32, 33.) In further explanation to Enoch of man's agency to choose for himself,

the Lord said, "Behold these thy brethren; they are the workmanship of mine own hands, and I gave unto them their knowledge, in the day I created them; and in the Garden of Eden, gave I unto man his agency." (Moses 7:32.)

5. Standing before the tribes of Israel, Joshua of old, said, *"Choose you this day whom ye will serve;* whether the gods which your fathers served that were on the other side of the flood, or the gods of the Amorites, in whose lands ye dwell: *but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."* (Joshua 24:15.) Thus Joshua plainly understood that human beings have the right, also the power, to choose their own courses in life, whether good or evil.

6. The Lord was equally as explicit to his people the Nephites, as witness the following: "Men are free according to the flesh; and all things are given them which are expedient unto man. *And they are free to choose liberty and eternal life,* through the great mediation of all men, or to choose captivity and death, according to the captivity and power of the devil." (II Nephi 2:27.) Again, "He hath given unto you that ye might know good from evil, and he hath given you that ye might choose life or death; and ye can do good and be restored unto that which is good, or have that which is good restored unto you; or ye can do evil, and have that which is evil restored unto you." (Helaman 14:31.)

7. Thus in all dispensations of time, the Lord has made it clear to his children that they have the right to select their own courses in life,—to obey or disobey the commandments of God, as they may elect. They are free from compulsion and restraint; they are at liberty to think and to act for themselves; they are the moulders and makers of their own fate, they are the architects and builders of whatever they are and of whatever they may become. Agency is one of God's choicest gifts to man.

8. *Agency Essential to Progress.* In the first place, it is apparent that if man were unable to choose for himself, rewards would be impossible, for rewards are given or obtained only in acknowledgment of merit; and, of course, merit could not exist in the absence of determined effort to do good. Moreover, if, as Satan proposed, man were compelled in all his acts, neither gifts nor punishment would avail. In other words, strip man of his agency and he would become a mere automaton, a mere machine, whose actions would be purposeless and uncontrolled by his own will. He would be far more unfortunate than a child in the hands of a fiend. He would be conscious of wrong-doing, but unable to control it.

9. Moreover, even if man were forced to do good, the undesirable aspects would be only partially removed. Man becomes strong only by willfully overcoming obstructions, and not by having some one else overcome them for him. Unmerited gifts tend to produce weakness, not strength. Students have long since learned that if they wish to acquire strength, they must go forward largely as a result of their own efforts. The student, who either at home or at school, must be urged or continuously assisted in the preparation of his work seldom if ever makes much headway.

10. The reason for this is apparent. As pointed out in another lesson, Deity has made the astounding provision that man's aptitudes are increased by use. If, for example, man wishes to learn to sing, he must

sing; if he desires to become a pianist, he must play the piano. Indeed, so far as known, there is no way in which man can go forward except through his own personal efforts. This places all humanity on the same basis. In this there is no advantage to the rich or the poor. All must pay the same price, namely, personal effort. Moreover, he who is not willing to pay the price cannot, worlds without end, receive the reward.

11. A word further: One of God's choicest gifts to man is the ability to improve by intelligent use. (Inanimate things retrograde through use.) Well directed effort is never expended without compensating reward. Individual effort is the ladder by which man climbs to successively greater heights; and so far as known there is no other way. The eventual possible goal is perfection. Deity, however, is most jealous of this endowment, for whenever man ceases to use it, his progress not only stops but quickly declines. No professional singer, for example, would regard himself as in good voice if he had not practiced for say a month; nor would a football coach regard his men as fully ready for a game if they had rested even as little as ten days. The rewards for intelligent effort are immediately forthcoming. Likewise, declination invariably follows inactivity, even though only slightly prolonged.

12. Satan's plan to force men back into the presence of God would thus be impossible, for humanity cannot acquire or achieve through eternal force. If we go forward, it must be by our own predetermined and wilfull acts. God will not force the human mind.

13. Moreover, unmerited rewards are never fully appreciated. We must grow into the things of our choice. The backwoodsman would not feel at home in the palace of the king, nor the sinner in the home of the saint. We appreciate things most for which we strive most. Intelligent effort begets appreciation. Only those who throughout their entire lives have struggled to obtain salvation will be prepared to enjoy it. The wrongdoer would be ill at ease in the presence of God. Thus, again, Satan's plan to force men back into the presence of the Father is seen to be impossible. Such a goal can only be attained through individual effort.

14. *Personal Considerations.* The agency of man lies as the very basis of his salvation; if this were not so it would not have formed the crucial point around which the revolt centered in heaven. Of necessity, then, it is of transcendent importance. Surely, every individual should attempt not only to understand the importance but also to utilize it to the full, otherwise its virtue will be lost to us. In a word, man's agency is his God-given right or capacity to choose right or wrong, as he may elect. If he chooses the one and continues therein, he will return to the presence of the Father; if he choose the other he will follow the path of sorrow and pain.

15. The Gifts of God should be utilized, not merely studied and theoretically understood. It is not enough merely to become members of the Church; this is scarcely more than a preliminary step that paves the way for further and continued advancement. Admission to the Church is not unlike admission to an institution of great learning; both are initiatory steps to further progress. Unwise is the individual who permits his advancement to stop here

16. The roadway to heaven is a reality that must be traversed before the goal is attained. Moreover, it can be traveled only as the result of purposeful effort. For this reason God has provided man with his agency. Every Latter-day Saint should see to it that he is a traveler, not a continuous camper. His tent should be pitched at a new place each night. No sun should go down without finding him closer to his goal. God has provided the means.

Suggestions for Discussion and Review

1. Why in your judgment was Lucifer's plan wholly inacceptible?

2. Name at least a dozen privileges that you now enjoy which could not exist under Lucifer's plan.

3. In what respect is the will of man his outstanding characteristic?

4. Give several illustrations of the manner in which personal effort increases one's ability?

5. Why does the sinner not feel at ease in the presence of the righteous?

6. Enumerate ways in which you should increase the use of your agency.

Teachers' Topic

NEW YEAR'S DAY

AMONG all peoples in all ages, the first day of the year has been regarded as a holiday. Our present calendar is the result of the work of wise men of many lands. There are two natural divisions of time, the day and the year. The months seems to have been suggested by the period of the moon's revolutions, and the week is approximately one quarter of a lunation. The Orientals, Egyptians, Greeks, Jews, Romans, all had a different method of reckoning time. At the time of Julius Caesar, the Roman calendar had become greatly confused. Caeser resolved upon a thorough reform, and under the direction of the great astronomer, Sosigenes, he abolished the lunar year and readjusted the months to their proper places. We are indebted to Julius Caesar for our calendar as we have it today, except that a few slight errors were corrected by the scholarly Pope Gregory XIII, in 1582, since which time there has been a uniform chronology common to all civilized lands.

The first of January bears the significant title of Gausan, which means the three beginnings, the year, the month, and the day, and to this might be added the beginning of a new and better life, expressed in our good resolutions.

The Greeks celebrated the New Year with appropriate offerings and festivities. The Ancient Druids commenced their year on the 10th of March, and it was the most important of all their festivals. According to the best Bible authorities the Feast of Trumpets was the feast of the New Year among the Children of Israel, and full instructions as to its observance are to be found in the 29th chapter of Numbers. To this day devout Jews in all lands observe this New Year's anniversary, or Feast of Trumpets. The Hindus celebrate the New Year with a great festival in honor of the God of Wisdom, and there is much rejoicing

throughout all India. In China, New Year's Day is the most striking, elaborate and joyous of all the civil and religious observances. The Japanese begin to prepare for the New Year's celebration nearly a month before, and they give their houses and possessions a thorough cleaning, just as the good American housewife does in the Spring. New Year's Day in the Turkish Orient, is the gayest holiday of the year. In France, January 1st is a far more festive day than is Christmas, and it is then that presents are given and family gatherings held. The New Year is a time of great importance in Germany. Cards are more numerous than at Christmas, and New Year's boxes are given to the tradespeople. The New Year in England has never been the popular festival that it is in other European countries, but in Scotland, January 1st, is a national holiday, and chief of all festivals. In New England, New Year's celebration, as that of Christmas, met with little favor among the Puritans, but in the other parts of the United States, the European manner of celebrating prevailed. The custom of New Year's calling to offer good wishes, was one of the traces left by the early Dutch settlers, and New Year's Day was devoted to the universal interchange of visits.

The observance of New Year's Day mainly rests on the principle that a good beginning makes a good ending, that as the first day is, so will the others be. It is the period of good resolutions, when men seem to renew courage and face the future bravely.

Tennyson's prayer, expressed in "The Bells," gives what should be in every human heart at this time.

"Ring out the old, ring in the new—
Ring out the false, ring in the true.
Ring out the griefs that sap the mind,
* * * *
Ring in redress to all mankind.
Ring out false pride in place and blood,
* * * *
Ring in the common love of good.
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.
Ring in the valiant men and free
The larger heart, the kindlier hand,
Ring out the darkness of the land—
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

Literature

(For Third Week in February)

LIFE AND LITERATURE

Poetry. New Themes and New Voices

"We are the music-makers,
We are the dreamers of dreams.
Yet we are the movers and shakers,
Of the world for ever it seems."

—*O'Shaughnessy.*

TODAY is a new age. Life has new values; wealth, luxury, and power are creating new horizons for Man. A new humanism, a democratic humanism has evolved in the titanic struggles of this new age. Literature has a great task to perform, to record faithfully Man's thoughts and emotions during this epoch of change.

Today's singers must accept all of life. They must know the spirit of

democracy in the world. They must find knighthood among the brave masses of mankind, and see the Madonna-love in the heart of womankind. The new poets must sing these new themes bravely and melodiously so that mankind may still seek beauty and inspiration in poetry.

The Spirit of Contemporary Poetry

"To see life steadily and see it whole," must always be the poet's goal. The poet more than the historian records the life of his time, because he becomes the interpreter and the recorder of the thoughts and emotions of his fellow men. The history of poetry reveals the fact that the great poetic expression of an age is the result of an accompanying intensification of life. The Greek poets sang of their heroes and gods because they worshiped them —their poetry was made for that purpose. Similarly, the great names in poetry: Dante, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Moliere, Goethe, mark the supreme expression of periods of national intensity or epochs of universal thought. The spirit of democracy has grown s l o w l y through the ages until today the poet takes all of life for his province. Having accepted this responsibility, the new poet must write with fearless sincerity of its beauty as well as its ugliness, of its triumphs as well as its defeats.

Contemporary poetry is following the traditional and conventional poetic themes and patterns with religion, love, and nature as the dominant notes. It is also following bravely a new note, singing the songs of Democracy. Many poets have dedicated themselves to the cause of the common man following the concern of William Vaughn Moody in "Gloucester Moors":

"Who has given me this sweet.
And given my brother dust to eat?
And when will his wage come in?"

and the challenge of Edwin Markham in "The Man with a Hoe":

"O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to God,
This monstrous thing, distorted and soul-quenched?
How will you ever straighten up this shape;
Touch it again with immortality:"

"O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
How will the future reckon with this man?"

and accept John Masefield's leadership in "Consecration":

"Not of the princes and prelates with periwigged charioteers
Riding triumphantly laurelled to lap the fat of the years,—
Rather the scorned—the rejected —the men hemmed in with the spears:
* * * *
"Not the ruler for me, but the ranker, the tramp of the road,
The slave with the sack on his shoulders pricked on with the goad,
The man with too weighty a burden, too weary a load.
* * * *
"Of the maimed, of the halt and the blind in the rain and cold—
Of these shall my songs be fashioned, my tales be told."

Contemporary literature has many other singers of everyday life and its problems: Rudyard Kipling of the British soldier and sailor; Wilfred W. Gibson of London slum

life; Padriac Colum of Irish peasant life; Edwin Markham, Carl Sandburg, Louis Untermeyer, Vachel Lindsay are singing of cities, factories, subways, skyscrapers, coal mines, workers, immigrants; Margaret Widdemar and Florence Wilkinson plead the cause of children in industry "who never have seen a rosebush nor a dewdrop in the sun." Continental Europe, too, has its singers singing of the new horizons of its changing social order. The World War brought to contemporary poetry a wealth of expression chiefly of the universal mysteries of Life and Death. The poets of the new age are still "the music makers, the dreamers of dreams, the movers and shakers of the world"

"Make us thirst for Beauty, that we cease
These struggles, and this strident age
Grows sweet with peace."

Conscious always of the individual and his ultimate destiny, many poets are singing to keep before man a vision of the ideal:

"Of my own spirit let me be
In sole, though feeble mastery."
"Mastery"—Sara Teasdale.

"I am the master of my fate
I am the captain of my soul."
"Invictus" William Henly.

The greatest gift of the poets to man now as through the ages is the word which is to keep alive within him the spark of celestial light. The recent poem a "Psalm," patterned after the Psalm of the Bible is significant for its message and its beauty.

Edwin Markham, Dean of American Poetry

IN his recent book of poems, "Eighty Songs at Eighty," Edwin Markham has expressed the theme which unifies the message of his poems, "The Upward March of Man"—

"The rise of man is endless:—
God-quickened, he will break these mortal bars,
Laugh, and reach out his hands among the stars."

For eighty years Edwin Markham has grown "softly as the grasses grow" of a long line of distinguished ancestors, noncomformists, men of affairs in state and church, rebels, poets reaching back into English history his own romance began on a covered-wagon train as his parents followed the pioneer trail to Oregon. Upon the death of his father, he moved with his mother to California. His years from seven to eighteen were long hard years of toil on a pioneer farm. Then came school days at San Jose Normal School, followed by teaching at San Luis Obispo and Oakland. When the world gave its recognition to the poem "The Man with a Hoe" the poet moved to New York. Writing and lecturing have made up the poet's life unto past eighty.

"The smack and tang of elemental things" marked the first reach of the poets' trail — from range to range, from pass to river-bed, from cliff to blowing spray with oak brush, wild poppies and the curlew's call intermingled. The "great of old" directed Edwin Markham to social consciousness. Books to him are as sacred as the most beautiful things of nature. The Gospel of Jesus, the confessions of Saint Francis of Assisi, the dramas of Shakespeare, the novels of Victor Hugo, the social philosophy of Fourier, Mazzina, Carlyle, Ruskin, Horace Greeley were in the main the poet's social teachers. The vista of books opened in the little cabin home

at his mother's knee grew with the years. "The Man with a Hoe" and "The Toiler" carry the poet's social gospel to the world. The individualistic philosophy of the poet has grown as the years have enriched his understanding of man; stirred always by the heroic virtues of man —unselfish devotions, high ambitions and lofty acheivements. To Edwin Markham "Poetry is the daughter of God and she rises to her highest moments when she comes keeping step with the music of humanity." "Lincoln, the Man of the People" is the expression of the poet's philosophy of individualism. Intensely conscious of the continuity of life Edwin Markham's works are marked by a deep religious consciousness. In a long narrative poem "The Ballad of the Gallows Bird" the poet accepts man's responsibility. "Choice Is the Hinge of Fate" is written on the gate of individual liberty. The poems "Shoes of Happiness" carry the beauty and calm of the poet's religious feeling. In "Our Israfel," the poem selected from two hundred others to pay tribute to Edgar Allen Poe, Edwin Markham has recorded the most lyrical lines of his creative life; also they are the lines that most truly analyze his own poetic spirit.

"The Man with a Hoe"

In his early manhood, Edwin Markham saw a print of Millet's painting "The Man with a Hoe." The poet, haunted by the vision of the ruin of God's creation represented in the picture, wrote the first four lines of the poem:

"Bowed with the weight of the centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face
And on his back the burdens of the world."

For thirteen years the impression remained. Then the poet saw the original painting. Inspired anew within a few days the poem was finished. To the title of the poem was added "God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him." Genesis 1:27. The first stanza describes the hoe-man stunned. burdened, visionless, the ruin of society. The second stanza delivers the challenge to the social order that has occasioned the ruin of the being God created "to feel the passion of eternity." The third stanza places the responsibility for plundered, betrayed, disinherited humanity. To the world is given the challenge to give back to man "the upward looking and the light" — make the wrong right. To the plea is added the prophesy as to how the "Future will reckon with the Man" when he rises in judgment of the world. The poet read his work to a few friends in December, 1899. They published it. It seemed to leap to popularity; it was hailed as the battle-cry of the new century. Translated into forty languages it has carried the cry which moved Millet, the French artist, to expression, the cry of his nation from a blood-spattered guillotine to help to awaken in all the word the spirit of democracy.

"Lincoln the Man of the People"

It is generally conceded by poets and critics alike that Markham's poem on Abraham Lincoln is a great poem. It is great not alone as a tribute to a great leader but as a penetrating analysis of individual greatness. The poet was asked to write a poem for the occasion of the Lincoln Birthday Anniversary, 1900. As the creator meditated upon his task he conceived of Lincoln as a man sent into the world for a great service,

"I saw that the Creative Mother of the universe, must descend into the earth to mold this man—not to mold him out of the scarce porcelain from which she makes aristocrats and kings, but out of the clay from which she makes the common people. I saw also that this man must have in him the color of the ground, the smack and tang of things, the rectitude of the cliff, the goodwill of the rain, the welcome of the wayside well, the courage of the bird, the gladness of the wind, the pity of the snow, the secrecy of subterranean streams, the tolerance of light." Then the poet wrote the poem. Dr. Stridger says Edwin Markham is seen at his best as he reads aloud this poem, and when he reached the lines

"He went down
As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky."

the listener hears, is hushed to reverence with the majestic beauty of the words.

John Masefield, Poet Laureate of England

JOHN MASEFIELD of all modern poets is accepted as the laureate of the people. His life is no longer a wonder-tale of journalism, it has been told so often. It is the story of an English youth who sought adventure at sea. To New York he came penniless and found employment in a carpet factory. One day in Yonkers in 1896 he read Chaucer for the first time. It was a new world of wonder and delight to him. Home he went and began to learn the poet's craft. "Salt-Water Ballads," memories of his life at sea were written and published in 1902. "The Everlasting Mercy," a long narrative poem relating the conversion of a poacher was greeted with a loud chorus of acclaim when published in 1911. Then came the World War and his poem "August, 1914" was the greatest poem of the year, expressing the reactions of his own people to the conflict.

"Yet heard the news and went discouraged home,
And brooded by the fire with heavy mind,
* * * *
Then sadly rose and left the well-loved Downs,
And so, by ships to sea, and knew no more
The fields of home, the byres, the market towns,
Nor the dear outline of the English shore,
* * * *
And died (uncouthly most) in foreign lands
For some idea but dimly understood."

Like all great poets John Masefield writes of nature and of men. Early in his career the poet dedicated his efforts and his poems to the common man — the wanderer and the outcast from whom most of us run away. He believes sincerely in the heroism and courage that is evident in the lives of those submerged by the tyranny of power and the vagaries of fate. He glorifies the valor that evidences character not victory —"What I aspired to be and was not comforts me." "The Everlasting Mercy," "The Widow in the Bye Street" and "Dauber" bear this theme. The poet does more than tell stories in these poems, he sets the problem to work in the mind of the reader until he too catches the spirit of the new democracy.

The sea has been a titanic force in John Masefield's life. Some critics

consider "Consecration" and "Sea Fever" from "Salt Water Ballads" his best expression. It is accepted that "Dauber," the sailor painter, is his best work in characterization. The poem "Dauber" is the story of an artist who shipped to sea as a common sailor so that he might learn to paint the moods of the sea, because as Masefield has Dauber say, "It's not been done, the sea, not yet been done." The sailors are uncouth and unsympathetic, and destroy the drawings of Dauber. In the storm the sailors find the painter no weakling. Finally, after months of toil a storm takes him as he falls from aloft to the deck. "It will go on" is his last cry. Dauber's triumph is manhood. A delightful poem and poetic attainment is "Reynard the Fox," a narrative poem telling the story of a fox hunt. The interest is not in the story, however, but in the characterizations of the various people who attend the hunt, portraits which for humor and insight match those of the "Canterbury Tales." Masefield's sonnet "On Growing Old" is considered by some critics as the greatest sonnet in contemporary poetry:

"Be with me Beauty, for the fire is dying.
My dog and I are old, too old for roving."

is the plea of the poet, for now he can sail the seas or wander the hillsides no longer, he can

"Only stay quiet while my mind remembers
The beauty of the fire from the beauty of embers."

The vitality of the poetry of John Masefield parallels the vigor of his enthusiasm for life. He with Rudyard Kipling and Alfred Noyes have done much to bring the contemporary verse of the nation back to the great tradition of English poetry after a period of marked passivity. The realism of Masefield's expression is startling in its intensity as it is often shocking in its ugliness. But one is instantly reminded that color is never to be analyzed as separated from a composition of Art, the same applies to poetic diction—the language of a Victorian drawing room cannot be used as the expression of the submerged outcasts in a cheap loding house in a great city. It seems unnecessary to speak further of the grave strong impressions created thus by the poet in all his works which in turn are felt keenly and deeply by the reader.

"Only a great poet can carry yesterday upon his shoulders while he climbs uphill today and points the way to tomorrow." "Only a poet of ample mind and heart can discover in unaccustomed places that poetry which is inherent in all things and then fresh from the discovery make it known effectively." If such be the case then the poets who have given the laurel of greatness to their brother poet, John Masefield, are not mistaken.

"The Everlasting Mercy"

The poem is the story of the conversion of Saul Kane. The conversion of the poacher began when he was about to commence a prize fight to defend a lie. As he begins the fight the impulse to confess is crowded out by the fear of apparent cowardice. After it is over the pensive mood comes to Saul, he meditates upon the mad disgusting game he has made of life. As he recoils from the man he has been, Saul Kane rushes out into the quiet country town "as mad as twenty blooded colts." In the public house that night, maddened by his agony of soul Saul Kane was drinking him-

self away to temporary oblivion. A woman came, a salvager of human souls, and spoke to Saul. Saul insulted the woman as none had done before. To Saul's abuse the woman answered the drunkard in kindly pleading for his reform. Saul Kane began life anew, he becomes a ploughman. He accepts idleness as a sin, not merely a crime. In the humble work of life Saul Kane found peace. There is, declares the poet at the conclusion of the poem, "One who waits upon every soul, being patient over it until He sees the harvest home."

"And in men's hearts in many lands
A spiritual ploughman stands
Forever waiting."

The poem is a combination of barbaric naturalism, powerful episode, and religious fervor. To us it is not merely the tragic story of an outcast, but an exemplification of the poet's consecration to the unfortunate lives society, as yet, has not learned to understand.

Suggestions for Study

A. Materials:
   1. The story of the World's Literature, Macy, Chapters 37, 49.
   2. Modern British and American Poetry, Untermeyer.
   3. Selections, Poems, Markham.
   4. Selections, Poems, Masefield.

B. Program:
   1. Reading:
      a. Psalm, Jessie Sampter.
      b. Mastery, Sara Teasdale.
      c. The Watcher, Margaret Widdemar.
      d. Invictus (to music) William Henley.
      e. "On Growing Old," John Masefield.
   2. Discussion:
      a. Edwin Markham.
      b. John Masefield.
   3. Review: (Brief)
      a. "The Man with a Hoe," Markham.
      b. "The Everlasting Mercy," Masefield.

C. Objective:
   The purpose of this lesson is to present simply the nature and spirit of contemporary poetry. A delightful program can be made of this lesson.

Social Service

(For Fourth Week in February)

Octavia Hill and the Housing Problem
(Continued)

4. *Methods and Principles.*

(a) Whatever is done for the poor, Octavia Hill thought, should be done in an orderly way. "What a frightful confusion of chances," she exclaims, speaking of her poor, "we have as to whether there is to be food or not! A man accepts underpaid work; a little is scraped up by one child, a little begged by another; a gigantic machinery of complicated charities relieves a man of half his responsibilities, not once and for all clearly and definitely, but he gets help here or there. There is no certainty, no quiet, no order in his way of subsisting. And he has an innate sense that his most natural wants ought to be supplied if he works."

She would have things done otherwise. There should be no haphazard giving by people of means, from whatever motive—to be "seen

of men" or to ease the conscience. Whatever is given should be through some organized institution. For often miscellaneous giving proved more harmful than good to the recipient. But organizations must be small rather than large. Large organizations had too much red tape, too much machinery, to do the best, the most efficient work among the poor. Also she preferred private help for this class of people to state aid.

(b) This help, however, should be given, she believed, only after careful study of each case, and even then through the personal touch. "Alleviation of distress," she says, "may be systematically arranged by a society; but I am satisfied that, without strong personal influence, no radical cure of those who have fallen low can be effected. Gifts may be pretty fairly distributed by a Committee, though they lose half their graciousness; but, if we are to place our people in permanently self-supporting positions, it will depend on the various courses of action suitable to various people and circumstances, the ground of which can be perceived only by sweet subtle human sympathy, and the power of human love.

"By knowledge of character more is meant than whether a man is a drunkard or a woman is dishonest; it means knowledge of the passions, hopes, and history of people; where the temptation will touch them, what is the little scheme they have made of their own lives, or would make, if they had encouragement; what training long past phases of their lives may have afforded; how to move, touch, teach them. Our memories and hopes are more truly factors of our lives than we often remember." These principles are fundamental in social case work today.

Miss Hill was one of the founders of the Charity Organization Society —in spite of her dislike for large organizations. The explanation lies in the fact that she believed the proper work of this society was to investigate each individual case, to gather whatever facts are necessary in order to know what to do in a given situation.

(c) It was employment, not gifts or charity, that was her goal in all her work for the poor; the building up of their self-respect, of financial independence to the extent that it could be done, the teaching of the principles of cleanliness, of moral strength, and of the Christian virtues. Robert Owen had the idea, as will be remembered, that a factory could be made to pay and at the same time treat its workers with decency and justice. Similarly Miss Hill conceived the idea, probably with the help of Ruskin, that the proper housing of the poor could be made to pay for itself, while at the same time it helped those who were in need of better housing accommodations. It was this idea that gave rise to the phraise, "Philanthropy and five percent." That it was an excellent plan she herself proved, as also has the association in Philadelphia that bears her name.

Octavia Hill worked almost wholly with women. This was a somewhat neglected field both in her time and before. She believed, moreover, that women were adapted by nature and disposition for the sort of tasks which she set before her. Philanthropy, she felt, was a noble outlet for a woman's energy. Her idea, as we have seen, was that women and children who could not take care of themselves should be put in the way of doing so, chiefly through the sympathetic aid of intelligent, educated, trained women, who could

understand women's nature and needs better than men.

5. *Open Spaces.*

The maner in which these leading ideas were worked out by Miss Hill is not only interesting in itself, but shows how her artistic talent and her sense for practical business were combined in a quite unusual way.

In the London of her time, as in every large city of any period, ours included, there were thousands of dwellings totally unfit for human beings to live in. Too few rooms, too little light and fresh air, lack of running water, sanitary conditions, and places for children to play or dig—these were characteristic of all of them. Sometimes Miss Hill remodeled these, so as to make them decent places to inhabit, but sometimes she bought land and erected new houses. She speaks of one "waste, desolate place," which she transformed completely. This is her description:

"There had been a paper factory on one-half of it, which had been burnt down. Four or five feet of unburnt paper lay in irregular heaps, blackened by fire, saturated with rain, and smelling most unpleasantly. It had lain there for five years, and much rubbish had been thrown in. A warehouse some stories high fronted the street on the other half of the ground, with no forecourt or area to remove its dull height further from the rooms in the model dwellings which faced it.

"Our first work was to set bon-fires alight gradually to burn the mass of paper. This took six weeks to do, tho' the fires were kept alight day and night. The ashes were good for the soil in the garden, and we were saved the whole cost of carting the paper away. Our next task was to pull down the warehouse, and let a little sun in on our garden, and additional light, air, and sight of sky to numerous tenants in the blocks in Red Cross Street. The next work was to have a low wall and substantial iron railings placed on the side bounded by the street, so that the garden could be seen and the light and air unimpeded. Then came the erection of a covered playground for the children! it runs the whole length of a huge warehouse which bounds the garden on one side."

Gardens, parks, and open spaces were, in Miss Hill's opinion almost as necessary as suitable dwellings, for the poor whom she helped. In 1881 she wrote: "It is only when one feels what the *narrow* courts are, and how the people get maddened with the heat of them in summer, and how the children have *no* where to play, and how their noise hurts their mothers' nerves, that one feels what these few square yards of space are. But, things being as they are in London, *that* air, *that* space are quite riches to the poor."

Strangely enough, the open-space movement on the part of Miss Hill met with considerable opposition. Her patient persistent advocacy of the movement and its slow-growing success are shown in what she said once to her sister Miranda, who helped in this phase of Octavia's work: "When I first began the work, people would say, 'I will give money for necessaries for the poor; but I do not see what they want with recreation.' Then after a few years they said, 'I can understand poor people needing amusement; but what good will open spaces do them?' And now everybody recognizes the importance of open spaces." This matter of open spaces, too, had its moral side. The temptation to drink was greater in those who had been working and sleeping in impure air. "What is the best tonic after labor?" asked a speaker of his audience, and many voices shouted, "Fresh air, fresh air!" And this enthusiasm was echoed by one man after the meeting in the phrase—which pleased Miss Hill: "If we can't enjoy the park often, the little uns will!"

Miss Hill always sought to have a garden in connection with every dwelling. Failing in that, however, she worked for a playground in connection with a group of dwellings. Time after time, as already hinted, she met with defeat from various quarters. But these only convinced her of the necessity of arousing public sentiment on the question. And so she had the matter of open spaces brought up before health societies and other gatherings. Presently organizations were created for the express purpose of either preserving or creating parks and other grounds for the benefit of the children of the poor. Thus arose the Kyrle Society and the Commons Preservation Society. In time many influential people joined her in the open-space movement.

6. *The Housing Problem Still with Us.*

Octavia Hill's influence has been very great in providing proper housing for the poor, not only in England, but also on the continent of Europe and in America. Yet, despite her tireless efforts in this direction, which were unusually successful, conditions are only a little improved. In the year 1917, according to actual statistics, one-third of American families were living in good homes, one-third in fair homes, more or less lacking in conveniences, but not unwholesome, while the last third occupied the oldest and worst cast-off houses which no one else wanted. The housing of this last third was definitely sub-normal by any decent standard, and was having a deleterious influence on health, morals, and family life."[1] Only the other day it was reported that two million people in New York City were living in fire traps in the slum districts there. "Of the 1664 persons who had lost their lives since 1901, no less than 1422 were trapped in old-law tenaments."[2]

Such a condition of housing affects not only those who live under improper conditions, but every person in the town or country where such conditions exist.

"Bad housing conditions," says Mrs. Edith Elmer Wood, in the work already quoted, "include lack of light (especially sunlight), lack of ventilation, dampness (as in underground dwellings), over-crowding, impure or inadequate water supply, lack of bathing facilities, insanitary or insufficient toilets, lack of sewer connection, uncleanliness, dilapidation, lack of screens against flies and mosquitoes, inadequate disposal of garbage." In New York City there were, in 1901, 350,000 interior rooms without windows to the outer air. Nor is this condition limited to the metropolis; every great city in America has such dwellings. "Shabbiness and dilapidation produce mental depression and the frame of mind to which the label inferiority complex is commonly attached. Extreme slum conditions, on the other hand, foster violent bomb-throwing radicalism and an understandable spirit of hatred toward the society which tolerates them."[3] Directly, then, people who live in such conditions are affected in their health, in their morals, and in their attitude toward life; but, indirectly, the community suffers in that its moral tone is lowered, its surroundings are made more or less ugly, but most of all it is affected in that dependence, crime, and vice, as well as the death rate, are increased. Hence few problems

[1] *Recent Trends in American Housing* (Wood), pp. 8, 9. An extremely valuable book. Published by Macmillan.
[2] *The New York Times*, April 15, 1934.
[3] *Recent Trends*, p. 7.

of modern civilization when we stop to think, are closer to the heart and the home, than this problem of proper housing.

Most of the housing problems, of course, are in connection with city life. But what of the country? Contaminated water, for instance, is more apt to be found in small towns, and many farmers are careless about the location and depth of wells. Then there is the contaminated soil in the hook-worm districts. An Agricultural Department bulletin, in 1926, found that "slightly more than a twentieth of all the homes reporting (1466 in eleven States) were completely modern; that is, fitted with central heating and central lighting systems, running water, kitchen sink and bathroom (equipped with stationary tub and bowl), indoor toilet and sewage disposal. About a fifth of the homes were partially modern; that is, fitted with a part of the improvements named. Almost three-fourths of the homes have none of the modern improvements mentioned above." The same conditions have been found in thirty-three Northern and Western States. Yet, in this last group, 30% had automobiles, 38% telephones, although in 61% women were water carriers, having to go an average of 39 feet to fetch it. It would seem, therefore, that the housing problem directly touches the country districts as well, though not perhaps to the same extent. Overcrowding is common to both.

It is enlightening to consider the death rate per 1000 in the United States, as compared with that in ten other countries: New Zealand, 8.7; Australia, 9.4; Netherlands, 9.8; Norway, 10.9; Denmark, 11.1; Canada, 11.4; England and Wales, 11.6; Sweden, 11.8; Uruguay, 11.8; Germany, 11.9; United States, 12.1. After giving these figures from the the *Australian Year Book,* Mrs. Wood, who is our highest living authority on the housing problem, states:[4]

> "Why are we so far down the list? Is it poverty? ignorance? density of population? bad climate? Or is there some public health policy which they follow and we do not? *Housing is the answer.* Ours is the only one among these nations which considers it no concern of the community that a third of its families live in homes which lower their ressitance to disease and multiply their chances of infection."

In this connection it is interesting to inquire as to the percentage of people in the United States who own their own homes. It varies, of course, in the different States and in the city as compared with the country. In 1920 it was 61.7 percent, unencumbered, in the nation as a whole. In the Middle Atlantic States it was 37.2, but in the West North Central States it was 56.4. The percentage of Latter-day Saints who own their homes is now (1934) 62.

Fortunately the United States is waking up to a realization of what proper housing means to the commonwealth. This is one of the things to which the New Deal is directing attention. In New York City, for instance, millions of dollars are being spent in tearing down unsanitary tenament houses and building on the sites new, modern structures. And Secretary Ickes said recently, "We hope to demonstrate through actual slum-clearance projects in a dozen or more cities what decent housing at a minimum rental will mean for those cities in the way of improved morale, of healthier living, of abatement in delinquence. * * * Slum clearance not only serves a highly

[4] *Recent Trends,* p. 288.

desirable social purpose, it offers an oportunity of employment for men in our crowded cities where the building trades have especially suffered during these years of depression. * * * Our hope is that when the cities begin to receive the dividends that we know they will receive in social returns from these housing projects, the municipalities themselves or groups of citizens will take up and carry on this desirable work."[5]

This attempt to solve the housing problem in the United States is, of course, not new; it is only an effort to do here what has been going on in every country, especially in England, since the War. During his administration President Hoover, who was always interested in the human side of business, called attention to the fact that "it is easier to borrow 85% on an automobile and repay it on the installment plan than to buy a home on that basis—and generally the house requires a higher rate of interest." The finance of home building, he said, "especially for second mortgages, is the most backward segment of our whole credit system."

7. Influence of a Great Woman. Such, then, is the importance of the housing problem in human life, a problem that concerns society as well as the individual; such the attempts that have been made to solve it in the light of advancing civilization; and such the character and work of the woman who not only stands at the beginning of the movement to provide better housing for the lesser-paid workers, but who remains today the outstanding figure in the history of the better-house movement. Few women have attacked so big a problem with so much intelligence, insight, and courage; and few public workers have been more humane, persistent, and sweet-spirited.

And now it remains for the women of today and tomorrow to carry the torch which Miss Hill lighted so brilliantly. But it will be of no avail unless they work in the same spirit as did the woman of whom we have been studying. "In one sense," she said once to a Mr. Blyth, "one is never lonely in one's efforts to stem wrong. So mighty is the Power that fights with us!" And what a young social worker said, after reading about Octavia Hill, is true: "It isn't so much what she accomplished that matters, but rather the spirit in which she worked, that gave her power."

"Oh, Mary!" Miss Hill said, away back in 1869, to Miss Harris, "life and its many interests is a great and blessed possession. I love it so much. And yet it seems such a simple, quiet thing to slip out of it presently; and for other and better people to take up their work, and carry it on for their day too."

Problems for Discussion

Discuss the effects of (a) lack of sunshine, (b) proper ventilation, (c) overcrowding, (d) unsanitary conditions, on the health and morale of the family.

What is the effect on adolescents of overcrowded homes without attractions or room for the visits of friends or home entertainment?

How may a dilapidated house develop in its inmates a personality handicap?

Discuss good standards of housing in regard to number of rooms according to the size of the family (no more than two persons to a room), water supply, heating, lighting, house-keeping conveniences, toilets, screens, cleanliness? Are

[5] *Survey Graphic* for March, 1934.

there any housing problems in your community? Any slums?

Are provisions made for playgrounds in your community; for parks and open spaces as the community grows?

In what ways can women help to improve housing conditions, such as proper water supply, sewage, the disposal of garbage?

Discuss the housing plans of the Federal government; of your local governments.

Mission Lessons

LESSON V. HEALTH AND HOME NURSING

Burns and Bruises

"Better be safe than sorry."

THERE is no injury more distressing or more painful than a superficial burn. There is no other injury so dangerous to life, as an extensive and serious burn. Burns involving more than one-half the surface of the body, in most cases, end fatally.

The gravity of the burn depends upon its situation, as well as the depth and extent of the burn. Burns about the head, the chest or the abdomen are more serious than those of the limbs. Scalds are due to moist heat—as steam or hot water, while burns are produced by dry heat, such as a flame or hot iron, but in the end the result is the same, a painful injury.

Fortunately the number of deaths from burns is decreasing. This is due largely to the fact that electricity has replaced the old kerosene lamp. Burns are so unnecessary, A little more care, a few more precautions about the home may save the child from the agony and the disfigurement due to a bad burn. Too many children have died, or been disfigured for life because someone was careless.

Children must be protected from open fireplaces. Tubs or kettles of hot water or other hot substance, must not be left within the reach of children who do not realize the danger involved. Every child is attracted by fire; and a box of matches holds untold wonders for him. The responsibility rests with the parents and in some countries now, it is a punishable offense to leave a child under seven years of age alone in a room with an unprotected fire.

When the clothing is on fire, the best way to extinguish it, is to wrap the person in a blanket and smother the flames. In place of a blanket—a coat, a rug or a piece of carpet may be used.

The treatment of burns or scalds depends, naturally, upon the extent and depth of the injury. For the small trivial burns received daily about the home; a tube or jar of standard burn ointment should be found upon every medicine shelf. The proper thing to do is to have a small package of gauze, some clean cotton and a bandage nearby. Cut a pieces of gauge a little larger than the area burned. Next, butter it freely with the ointment, and put it, buttered side down on the burn. Over the gauze now place a generous layer of cotton. A small bandage will hold the dressing in place. Dress the burn daily, and always in this same way.

In place of the burn ointment, we

may use plain vaseline, castor oil, olive oil, or a thick mixture of baking soda. We may use muslin in place of gauze and a cord string to hold the dressing in place, but these we should remember are only substitutes for the proper treatment. Boric acid ointment and picric acid gauze have their advocates and can be used as a dressing for burns.

The severe or extensive burn must always be left to the treatment of the doctor and the hospital. It is important that we remember how to help the patient until the doctor arrives—First, by relieving the pain and treating the shock. With a severe body burn, a bathtub of warm water, into which a pound of baking soda has been dissolved, will form a haven of rest for the burned individual. Remove the clothing and put him in immediately. Paragoric will help relieve the pain, and should always be given. If it is necessary to give stimulants, a teaspoonful of aromatic spirits of ammonia in one-half glass of cold water is very good. Keep the burned person warm and give him all the fluids he will take. In the beginning, food is not important.

Chemical burns from strong acids, or alkalies, such as carbolic acid or lye, require much washing with warm water. Running water is best. These burns are then dressed as ordinary burns or scalds.

Wounds

Any break in the skin is called a wound. The skin is the protective covering of the body and any injury that destroys this covering forms an entrance for infection. We have all been surprised at times to see how rapidly a deep and painful cut has healed, on the other hand it has been a matter of great surprise how much trouble could come from just a small wound on the finger or hand. Weeks of suffering may follow such a wound and in the end a damaged hand.

Stepping on the point of a rusty nail in the summer-time might be a very trivial thing and again it might be a very serious thing. Why are some wounds more serious than others? The answer is GERMS, enemies too small to be seen. If certain germs are introduced beneath the skin and the wound is not properly cleansed, disaster is bound to follow. When the wound bleeds well, and washes the germs out, and others do not get in, there is little pain, and the wound heals rapidly.

In the light of present day knowledge we must no longer say, "My blood is out of order, because every little scratch festers so," or "my wound is very painful because I have taken cold in it." The festering and the cold in the wound mean the presence of germs and the activity of these germs is responsible for the process which we call inflammation. The wise individual is the one who considers all wounds as full of germs, and who does not trust to chance, but cleans each immediately after the accident.

We have to deal mainly with three kinds of wounds. First—*Incised Wounds;* These are due to cuts from glass, knives, etc. They bleed freely, are easily cleansed and as a rule, give very little trouble. Second—*Lacerated* or Torn Wounds; These are made by blunt instruments, the edges are ragged, they do not bleed so freely, and are more difficult to cleanse from germs and are longer in healing. Third—*Punctured Wounds.* These are made by the point of an instrument—by nails, ice picks, bullets, etc. The wounds do not bleed, they are impossible to cleanse and are very dangerous.

The best disinfectant to use in the home is the ordinary Tincture of Iodine, diluted one-half with alcohol. The druggist will make up this solution for you and a small bottle will last a long time.

Treatment

Do not wash wounds with water. If they have dirt or grease ground in them, cleanse with alcohol, or turpentine. Stop the bleeding. Dry the wound with clean sterile gauze —from a sealed packet. With a little cotton on a toothpick, paint the sides and depth of the wound, using the diluted Iodine mixture. Wait until it drys, and apply the dressing. If no gauze is at hand, scorch a clean white rag and use it as a covering. It is better that no covering at all be used if it cannot be clean.

Wounds that are deep, about the face or hands, where scarring may be ungainly, should always be repaired by a physician.

The punctured wound is the real problem, because it is so difficult to cleanse. If the wound has been made by a nail, first—squeeze it gently, to promote bleeding. Second—take a toothpick and with a little cotton wound firmly around the end, dip it in the Iodine mixture then follow the course of the nail, and leave a generous supply of the disinfectant in the wound. Third—paint the edges for at least one inch beyond, then wait until it drys. Fourth—apply a clean dressing. If the wound is in the foot, elevate and rest it for a few days, to be sure that no bad results follow.

Rusty nails, in the summer-time, especially about the barnyard, are dangerous, because of the "lock jaw germs" they carry. It is best to have the doctor treat the wounds resulting from these nails. Most such wounds require the giving of tetanus antitoxin. It is better to be safe than sorry.

Dog bites are punctured wounds and require the same thorough treatment. If the dog be Rabid, professional advice is imperative.

The treatment of poisonous snake bites should be immediate and thorough. The fangs of the snake leave two small holes or a punctured wound which must be cauterized. The symptoms of severe pain, swelling about the wound, vomiting, and extreme weakness, develop rapidly. Apply a bandage or handkerchief above the wound—tight enough to prevent the blood flowing back through the veins. With a sharp knife, sterilized, make two cross cut incisions—not more than one-half inch in length—through the wound. These cuts promote bleeding. Apply suction to the wound by the aid of the mouth or suction pump. The bandage, which has been tied above the wound to prevent the poison blood from returning should not be left longer than one hour. Use tincture of Iodine as a final disinfectant. Dry and dress as any other punctured wound.

Bruises

The Black Eye. This is merely one form of bruise. A handkerchief or towel should be wrung out of ice water and applied immediately and continuously for one hour. After the first day, if there is extreme discoloration use hot applications. Never use beef steak as a treatment for black eye.

Bruises need no attention unless they are painful or very extensive. If the skin is unbroken, there is no danger of infection. Cold applications afford most relief—and ice bags, and rest is always good treatment for bruises.

For the treatment of a mashed finger, which is always painful, use

cold, running water. Perhaps more important, if the nail is involved, is the application of the dentist's drill, or the circular motion of a pen knife, for the purpose of drilling a small hole in the nail, relieving the pressure caused by the blood under the nail. This procedure relieves the pain almost immediately and may save the nail.

When any wound is red or swollen, and throbs with every beat of the heart, towels wrung out of hot Epsom Salts water, and applied, will relieve the pain and the swelling, and also aid in healing. If the wound is discharging pus freely it is well to cover it with a moist dressing — gauze wrung from boiling water. It is, however, important that the gauze be not contaminated—that it be handled by the edges only. The effective treatment of wounds depends upon thorough and immediate cleansing and the continued applications of clean, sterile, dressings, until the wound has healed.

Our Magazine Campaign

WE thank our agents for the very fine work done during their Magazine Drive. Never have subscriptions poured in as they have this year. We now have by far the largest subscription list we have ever had. We publish herewith the Stakes that have sent in their percentage, also the Wards attaining the goal of 75% or over. We hope the Stakes that have not yet sent in their reports will do so at once.

We realize that the success attained in this Drive has meant careful planning, enthusiastic campaigning and persistent effort. We thank all who have worked so hard. We realize that some have put forth great effort and have been disappointed in the results, but they should remember that the seeds they have sown may bear fruit later on. We feel sure that some Stakes and Wards that have not done as well as they hoped to do may reach their anticipated goal in January.

SOME Stakes have presented pageants, many have used banks and have been delighted with the results. Our bookkeeper had to get a taxi to take her and her load of pennies to the bank, they were too heavy to be carried. The Weber County Stakes had a very fine window display as an advertising scheme. Poems and songs were written to aid the cause and in every way wholehearted enthusiastic work has been done in our various Wards.

We hope in later issues of the Magazine to present some of the plays and poems and a write-up of the window display and other items that may be sent in, showing how the Stakes attained their results.

Union Stake has the highest record yet received with 121%, and Baker Ward has the highest percentage of any Ward with 154%.

So far Maricopa is the only Stake that reports 100% for each of its 13 Wards. Laura M. McRae is Stake agent. One of their Wards, Mesa 2nd,tops their list with 113%. Lucy D. Chesley is the Magazine agent of this Ward.

The Whitney Ward, Franklin Stake, reports that they have doubled their subscription list this year.

Columbia, South Carolina last year had one subscription. This year they have six.

The Sandy 2nd Ward last year was the lowest in their Stake, with 19%. This year under the able

direction of Fleda J. Larson, they have come up to 100%. The reports from the California Wards shows a very high average.

WARDS 100% OR OVER

WARD	STAKE	Enroll	No. Sub.	%	Name of Agent
Adams	Los Angeles	76	76	100	Carrie Ainge
Alpine	St. Johns	16	16	100	Presidency acting
Baker	Union	37	57	154	Nettie Shurtliff
Balboa	San Francisco	38	45	118	Fredricka Duffner
Bason	Big Horn			100	Veda Black
Beaver Creek	Idaho Falls	12	12	100	
Compton	Los Angeles	44	46	105	Henney S. Thomas
Davis	Uintah	35	36	103	
Dividend	Tintic	29	30	104	May Andrew
18th Ward	Mt. Ogden	87	106	122	Netta Burton
Evans Branch	Box Elder	17	19	106	Alice Buxton
Ensign	Ensign	78	82	105	Sadie Buist
1st Ward	Union	40	62	155	Emma Stringham
4th Ward	Box Elder	45	45	100	Caroline C. Baron
Glines	Uintah	30	31	103	
Harper	Box Elder	18	18	100	Mary Yates
Jensen	Uintah	34	36	106	
Imbler Ward	Union	15	21	140	Mattie Westenscow
Leland	Palmyra	37	37	100	Phebe Markham
Linrose	Franklin	14	14	100	Ruby J. Tanner
Lomita	Los Angeles	23	23	100	Minnie Haynes
Long Beach	Los Angeles	123	128	104	Effie Jensen
Lyman	Fremont	37	37	100	
Meeteetse	Big Horn			100	Nancy Nelson
Manchester	Los Angeles	54	59	109	Arvina Moore
Oakland	San Francisco	55	56	102	Julia Searle
Penrose	Big Horn	9	9	100	Emma Tvednes
Powell	Big Horn			100	Louise Hawley
Rexburg 2	Fremont	93	98	105	
Richmond	San Francisco	22	27	123	Blanch Harmon
San Pedro	Los Angeles	34	35	103	Madge Lookinland
2nd Ward	Union	35	38	108	Emily Rendles
17th Ward	Mt. Ogden	58	68	117	Mattie Vogel
2nd Ward	Box Elder	77	77	100	Genevieve B. Olsen
12-13th Ward	Ensign	92	95	103	Alma Erickson
20th Ward	Ensign	104	107	103	Edna Langton
27th Ward	Ensign	90	95	106	Nora Sparks
Twin Groves	Yellowstone	36	40	111	Seline Richards
Torrence	Los Angeles	26	26	100	Drucella Dodge
Uintah	Mt. Ogden	20	21	105	Pres. Mary G. Boyle
Vermont	Los Angeles	39	40	103	Coral Iverson
Vernal 1st	Uintah	78	91	117	
Wilmington	Los Angeles	32	33	103	Lois Jarman
Worland	Big Horn			100	Minnie Willis
Burmham	Young	48	52	108	Janie Tolman

WARDS 75% OR OVER

WARD	STAKE	Enroll	No. Sub.	%	Name of Agent
Alameda	San Francisco	30	26	87	MaRae Meuter
Ashley	Uintah	21	20	95	
Basin	Cassia	12	10	84	Marian McIntosh
Burley Second	Burley	81	61	75	Emma Ashcraft
Burlingame	San Francisco	29	26	90	Ruth Bentley
Burton	Fremont	42	35	83	
Burlington	Big Horn	36	27	75	Pearl Prater
Dimond	San Francisco	61	46	75	Minnie Ellsworth

WARDS 75% OR OVER (Continued)

WARD	STAKE	Enroll	No. Sub.	%	Name of Agent
Eager	St. Johns	107	86	80	
Home Gardens	Los Angeles	54	41	76	Naomi Whale
Huntington Park	Los Angeles	91	69	76	Genevieve Anderson
Juction	Garfield	65	77	118	
La Point	Uintah	30	29	97	
Logan 11th	Logan	101	76	75	Amy Affleck
Lovell	Big Horn	101	78	77	La Prele Lynn
Luna	St. Johns	12	10	83	
Marion	Cassia	25	20	80	Hattie N. Tolman
Mathews	Los Angeles	57	49	86	Agnes Turnbow
Naples	Uintah	54	41	76	
Nibley Park	Granite	96	78	81	Nellie P. Elsinga
Nutrioso	St. Johns	22	18	81	
Otto	Big Horn	30	25	83	
Preston 5th	Franklin	32	24	75	Azuba Alder
Rexburg 1st	Fremont	85	68	80	
Richards	Granite	84	69	82	Jennie Hardy
San Francisco	San Francisco	57	44	77	Gerda Anderson
Sunset	San Francisco	40	39	98	Millie Johnson
Tridell	Uintah	46	40	87	
Vernal 2nd	Uintah	71	65	92	

STAKE PERCENTAGES

STAKE	Enrollment	No. Sub.	%	Magazine Agent
Box Elder	951	515	54	Eliza Thompson
Ensign	745	593	80	Rose Neeley
Cassia	167	112	66	Mae Smith
Franklin	593	255	43	Jeanette S. Barton
Fremont	903	576	64	Florence Webster
Granite	1184	542	46	Irene N. Wooton
Grant	619	212	34	Martha Fagg
Idaho Falls	824	389	47	
Logan	846	385	46	Ella C. Richards
Los Angeles	823	726	88	Hannah O. Pratt
Morgan	252	96	38	Elizabeth Geary
Mt. Ogden	535	414	77	Allie Y. Pond
North Sanpete	689	207	30	Mrs. A. U. Miner
San Francisco	528	404	76	Sadie Chadwick
Sharon		105	(⅓ of enroll sub)	Maud M. Davis
Tintic		88		Julia Whitehead
Uintah	469	441	94	Mrs. A. B. Johnson
Union	189	229	121	Josephine Hanks
Wasatch	600	214	35	Lacy Swain
St. Johns	285	183	64	Zella B. Whiting

Note: Some reports were not complete.

Christian

By Claire S. Boyer

She hung festoons of happiness in quiet eyes
And sprinkled stars on paths the lonely trod,
She lit fresh tapers for worn, restless hands
That tired searchers might still seek their God.

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